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DECEMBER.

The sunsets burn and die,
The moon comes up the sky.
The white nights brood upon the closing year;
In this window thou didst stand,
Where now within my hand
I lay my face and know thou art not here.

What flowers of the south,
With white or crimson mouth,
Blow round thee through these hours and never die?
What shadows tropical
About thy chamber fall,
My own, in that far land where thou dost lie?

Thou star I as do arise
A mystic's raptured eyes
Unto some planet,—his hereafter place;
So upward from these drear
Last midnights of the year,
My spirit seeks the heaven of thy face! A. P.

DAVY CROCKETT ON THE TRACK;

OR,

The Cave of the Counterfeiters.

BY FRANK CARROLL,

AUTHOR OF "THE HEIR OF GLENDALE," "JOHN FARMORE'S PLOT," ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

THE SCOURING OF THE FOREST.

We left Colonel Crockett and his companions with the bear which had just been slain. Old Whirlwind yet had the carcass by the ear, shaking it and growling furiously, with full canine exultation over the achievement of his master.

The latter leaned on his rifle, looking down on the dead animal as the others approached.

"Taint bad for old Betsy," he said. "She knows jist where to find the heart of a critter like this. But the tarnation brute has took us off the trail."

"I am going back to the rock to try for it again," said Rob.

"All right," said Davy.

"Whirlwind won't let me leave here till I take off the hide. I'll be after you soon."

The others stood by while the hunter skilfully removed the hide from the animal. He also cut out a few choice pieces of the flesh, which were wrapped up in the hide and left in a place of safety.

The remainder of the party now joined Rob, who was carefully searching the woods surrounding the open rock for some trace of a human trail.

In vain, however. The hard, parched ground had taken no impression of footsteps. The autumn leaves had not yet commenced to fall, and the ground here was nearly bare of grass, or aught else that could retain the marks of feet.

The others joined in the search, with like ill success. Crockett put the dog's nose to the ground, and led him carefully over the whole place. The animal was excited yet from his bear hunt, and could not be brought to any keen scent of the soil. He either discovered no human scent, or disdained more ignoble game after his bear chase.

"We must spread a little," said Crockett. "The ground here don't take. Let us go about a hundred yards out, and try the pile in a circle, till we run together. He's left the bush mighty keerful."

This idea was at once put into effect. The dog, on which so much reliance had been placed, followed unconcerned at his master's heels, apparently not knowing or not caring what was required of him.

Occasionally he would take a start to the right or left, but it was only in pursuit of a fly, or some other canine food for fancy. He took no scent.

Crockett, who had completed his space ere the others were half done, led the dog round the whole circle. But in vain, neither man nor dog found any trace of the fugitive.

"They're not crows, and they can't fly," said the hunter. "And they ain't moles, and can't dig. They've gone over this ground jist as sure as shooting, and I'm not a-going to give it up so."

"We must find the trail," said Rob, with deep earnestness. "I dare not leave Maggie in the hands of that villain if I spend a lifetime seeking her."

"Let us spread a bit more," said Mr. Baldwin, "and each search on his own hook. The further out he goes the less careful the scoundrel will get. It's a thing sure that he got off his horse at that rock, and came through the bush there. He's not on the rock yet, that's sound, and the question is how he left it."

"He struck inward," said Davy. "The rock sticks its nose out, here and there, and it's like that he's made the most of it. The ground's as hard as a brick between."

Rob had already caught this suggestion, and was following the line of occasional outcroppings of rock. Part of the others followed him, the remainder continuing their search to the right and left.

"Come here, Davy!" cried Rob. "Get your eye down to that mark and see what you make of it."

Davy ran up in reply and looked at the mark indicated. It was a very slight impression in a patch of moss on the edge of the rock. The delicate plant had been somewhat flattened, and on close examination some of its minute parts were found to be bent and broken.

"There's something heavy fell on that," said the hunter. "The sile starts jist here again, Rob. Keep your eyes lively. Down to it, man, on hands and knees, and smell it out if you can't see it."

MAGGIE CAMPBELL IS TAKEN ON BOARD THE VESSEL.

The ground here was thinly covered with grass, a yielding, elastic variety, that would spring again, after being trodden on. This was keenly examined, all the men now having gathered at the spot, and each joining in the search.

No positive traces were found. There were some faint, illusory marks, here and there a blade of grass that remained bent, a broken twig, or some similar doubtful indication.

Davy followed these marks with a slow, cautious progress, Rob keeping side by side with him.

"There's been no rain to beat the grass down," he said. "Some varment mought have passed this way. If that blasted dog would only nose something, I'd be better satisfied. But he's got the smell of bar, and it's all up with him."

For a quarter of a mile these marks were followed. In one or two places they were sufficiently defined to be almost certainly the tracks of human feet.

They led to another rocky shelf, a bed of flat, bare limestone, the most extensive they had come to yet. Here the trail they had been following utterly ceased. For several hours they searched, tracing the ground for half a mile in some directions, and skirting the edge of Sugar Hill in their search, but without avail.

The soil was of a character excellently adapted to hide the traces of footsteps, and the sparse, elastic grass which clothed it sprung up unhurt from every tread upon it. Their own steps, though they had walked without caution, were only in occasional places visible, and the careful abductor had succeeded in leaving no marks of his passage sufficiently declared to be evident to men who did not know where to look for them.

"This wood's full of varment, that howls around every night," said Crockett. "When you see the grass scratched, you can't tell but it's been wolf, bar, or catamount, or whether it were a human varment. If the thundering dog hadn't got bar smell in his nostrils now! I'd give ten coon skins if I had Rattler here. He could smell out a man in a menagerie of beasts. It's a long walk, but this job's got to be put through, and I've a mind to go over and get him."

"You'll do nothing of the kind, Davy Crockett," said Baldwin. "A twenty mile walk, or ride either, for a dog, won't pay. I've got some good hounds, which I'll go after, and see if we can't put them on the scent. You'd best all come over with me, though, and take a bite of dinner. This is gay work for building up a man's appetite."

The invitation was palatable. They were hungry enough to do justice to a good meal, and accepted the proposal without a dissenting voice save that of Rob's, who declared that he would remain there and continue the search till their return.

"See here, Rob Gordon, you're not a salamander," cried Crockett. "You've got an opening for vittles, as well as the rest of us. If there's a trail or a scent they'll wait till we get back, and it'll do no good to Maggie for you to starve yourself. Come on, lad." He took him by the arm and drew him gently but firmly on.

Ben Baldwin, as their host was usually called, set a profuse table for his guests. He was a man of considerable wealth, and had the finest farm in the district. He was as open-hearted as wealthy, and noted throughout the region for his hospitality.

His present guests did full honor to his good fare, their morning's work having greatly promoted appetite. The viands disappeared with a rapidity and in quantities which would have astonished an inmate of the cities, to whom the ordinary trencher feats of the sons of the backwoods would seem marvellous.

The inevitable black bottle, which was the invariable accompaniment of the frontier dinner table at that epoch, was duly produced, and did much toward aiding them to throw off the recollection of their ill fortune in the morning's search.

Crockett got started in stories of hunting adventure, and several hours passed in the jovial conversation that ensued.

"If a fellow could take in all the stories that's been told about me," he said, "old Nimrod wouldn't be nowhere. I have killed a sprinkle of bar in my time, and not all with the rifle. I've took a hug more than once, and had to sock in the knife to larn them better manners. I've had the claws of catamounts feeling for my ribs. I've fought ten wolves at once, and killed every howling devil of them. For all that, I ain't the terrible fellow they make me out on east."

"I've read some big stories of your doings, colonel," said Baldwin. "You've done your share to clear out the wild beasts from our woods."

"I've settled a trifle of them. Do you know the story they got up about me on that p'int?"

"No; let us hear it."

"Some comical fellow spread it in the papers that the varments took a great interest in my election to Congress, 'cause they thought they'd have it their own way while I was off in Washington law making. When I come back the woods were full of them. But there was the deuce to pay amongst them when they found that old Davy was back. They struck out in droves for the Mississippi, and swum over to the swamps on t'other side. Now, as the fellow said, I was riled at that, and was bound to let it out on the bar. So I cooned down to the river, took out my rib-tickler, and squatted down alongside the path they was taking. I weren't there long afore 'long come an old bar at double quick. When he got close at hand, up jumps old Davy with a squeal that went through the bar like a railroad whistle, and sung out, 'I've got you, have I?' It never failed. The bar keeled over like as if he'd been struck by lightning, and took the knife as kindly as a dead porker. I'd only to drag him out of the way, and squat down till another come along."

There was considerable laughter over this exaggerated story, which was but a milder edition of those that filled the Davy Crockett almanacs, so popular at a later date.

"I didn't know that you were such a famous hunter as that," said the host. "I don't doubt but what you've been humbugging the Washington people a bit yourself. You're fond of your joke I know, and in your trips up North I saw some laughable accounts in the papers of your long stories."

"All gammon, made up to sell the papers," said Davy, with a twinkle of the eye that belied his words. "I did once in a while take a fellow down, but only when they tried to pile it on me. Did I ever tell you about the little fun I had with the President's son?"

"No, I never heard it."

"It was at a fine dinner party in Washington, with plenty of the big guns on hand. A spruce young fellow stepped up to me, and says he:

"'I presume, sir, you're from the backwoods?'

"'Yes, sir,' says I.

"A friend told me that it was the President's son, and I saw the lark was after some fun with me, so I thought I'd give him all he wanted.

"'What were the amusements in the backwoods?' says he.

"'Oh,' says I, 'fun alive there. We're all split up into sets, and every set has its own fun, so a man is never at a loss.'

"'What kind of fun?' says he.

"'Well, you see, there's four sets in the backwoods. The first set has a table with some green truck on it, and it's got pockets, and they knock a ball about on it to get it into the pockets. They are the quality of the country, and they see a mighty heap of fun. But that ain't my set. Then there's the second set. They take their rifles, and put up a board with a white spot on it, and blaze away all day for anything you please. They see a mighty heap of fun too; and I tell you what, I'm mighty hard to beat as a second-rate hand in that set. The third class,' says I, 'is composed of little boys. They go about with their bows and arrows, and put up a leaf agin a tree, and shoot from morning till night for persimmons and such like. They see a mighty heap of fun too. But the fourth set,' says I, 'oh, bless me, they have fun! This is made up of the women, and all that likes that set. When they want a frolic, they just go into the woods and scrape away the leaves and sprinkle the ground with corn bran, and build some light wood fires about, raise a banjo, and begin to dance. Maybe you think they don't go their death upon a jig, but they do, for I've gone there the next morning and raked up my two hands full of toe nails.'"

They all laughed heartily at this story, even Rob, whose face had continued full of anxiety, breaking into a smile.

"What induced you to tell such a yarn in such company?" he asked.

"Oh," said Crockett, "they were ready to believe everything they heard about the backwoods, and I thought I'd jist give them an idee of our corn dance, so long as they were trying to put it on me. You can bet there was a roar, and while they was all laughing, I jist slipped out and went to bed."

"You must have astonished the natives a little," said Mr. Baldwin.

"Hadn't we better have the dogs out and strike back for the woods?" asked Rob.

"I'm agreeable," said Davy. "Trot them out, Ben, and bring Mose along. He knows the dogs and how to manage them."

In a short time they were prepared to return to the forest. Whirlwind looked askance at the two tall hounds that followed their dark leader, Mose, into the company. As if affronted by their offer of friendly intimacy he turned disdainfully away, and with a slight growl, stationed himself at his master's heels, where he stayed throughout their walk.

Arrived at the point at which the trail had been lost, Mose led his dogs round the spot, encouraging them by word and action to take the scent of the fugitive.

His object seemed to be at once apparent to them, and they ran rapidly round, eagerly smelling the ground. In a moment they seemed to take separate scents, but running in toward the rock instead of outward. Encouraged to go in the opposite direction, they ran a considerable distance out, and then commenced returning on their course and circling round in a confused and intricate manner.

"May I never lift old Betsy again," cried Crockett, "if the tarnal dogs ain't on our own tracks! They're trailing us beautiful, but they ain't got a smell of Dick Brown."

"It's so, sure as jumping," said Baldwin.

"Take them out further, Mose," said Davy, "we've spilt the trail there. A bit further yet."

Old Whirlwind lay at ease on the edge of the rock, his head between his fore legs, the sun shining warmly on his shaggy coat, and watched with a sort of disdain the ineffective efforts of his two sleek rivals.

He might as well have spoken as looked the speech: "Go ahead, puppies! If you can scent as much as a 'possum where Whirlwind has give in beat, I'll drown myself in the first puddle."

Mose's hounds went smelling eagerly around, running over the ground at a rapid pace, and circling in many a devious course, but without any apparent discovery.

The two woodsmen, Davy and Rob, had been, at the same time, examining the ground outside their former circle of search, but with as little success. The former kept his eye on Whirlwind in the intervals of his search, as if he had yet hopes from the hound.

The animal did, indeed, appear to become uneasy and restless at length, as if in fear that these smooth-haired competitors might rob him of his hard-earned distinction.

Rising, he stretched himself, and then proceeded leisurely to the edge of the rock. Round this he passed at a slow pace, his nose to the ground. He had about half encircled it, and had nearly reached the spot at which the trail had entered it, when he stopped and sniffed the ground eagerly.

He now crossed the rock to the original trail, smelled there a moment as if to assure himself of the personality of the odor, and then returned, proceeding slowly outward, with his nose close to the earth.

"Do you see that?" said Crockett, somewhat triumphantly, to his host. "Whirlwind has grown jealous of your dogs, and is going to give them a touch of his quality. I knew it was in him if we could waken him up. That dog's a jewel."

"Maybe he's after some of us; or after another bear," said Baldwin, not much liking the disparagement of his dogs.

"He's after Dick Brown," said Davy, decisively. "The dog didn't know what we wanted this morning. He knows now and he's not the animal to make a mistake. Did you notice him going back to take the scent?"

"Yes," said Baldwin.

"The cunning hound knew well where to look for it. He had it this morning good, though he wouldn't acknowledge. The scent don't lay well to-day, the ground's too dry—but there's no mistake but he'll follow it."

The course taken by the dog was in a direction to which they had not devoted much search, being partly a return on the first trail of the fugitive. It soon turned, however, and went westward through the woods.

Baldwin's hounds ran eagerly to where the old bear dog was coursing. They would have taken the ground in front of him, but a low, savage growl seemed to admonish them that their rival would stand no trifling with his discoveries. They fell behind him, as if considering that prudence was truly the better part of valor, and followed at his heels.

The course was so slow that the men readily kept pace, at a brisk walk, with the dogs. The track lay for half a mile out in that direction, gradually becoming diverted to the north-west.

Crockett's keen vision caught once or twice glimpses of the lost trail, one or two so evident that he was confident that they were made by Dick Brown's "flat-boat foot," as he chose to call it.

Before them lay a small streamlet of about two feet in width, which they remembered having crossed in the morning. Its bottom was principally of the bare rock, or of small, rolled gravel, nearly every trace of soil having been swept out by the running water.

Whirlwind crossed this rill, but immediately seemed to be at fault. He ran backward and forward, and up and down the course of the stream, seemingly distressed at his ill-fortune.

He finally walked up to his master, and looked inquiringly into his face. Davy affectionately patted his gray, shaggy head—

"You've done your best, old boy," he said, "Dick Brown's took to water, and that won't hold scent. Up stream, lads. Down stream goes back to the lane, and that's not his line. I'll take Whirlwind up here to the left, Mose, you can take your hounds up the right side. Keep your eye on the edge, Rob; I'll track the grass out here. You take the grass on that side, Joe. We've got to find where they left the water—and it won't do to go fast, or to slip an ounce of mud or a blade of grass. I think we can trust the dogs to take up the trail, but they aren't much used to tracking human game, and we've got to make the most of our eyes."

Sugar Hill rose before them, in the direct line of their course, something over a quarter mile distant. They were a half-hour in reaching it, so thorough was their search. But the foot of the hill was at length reached, without any successful result, and they found the stream to flow from the dense, briary thicket, that extended some twenty yards back to the foot of the hill, up which it ran for a hundred yards more, there slowly yielding place to the trees that clothed the upper portion of the elevation.

Crockett looked keenly up this thicket. It was, to all appearance, dense and impassable, except by a liberal use of the hatchet, the bending bushes meeting over the stream, and seemingly closing all passage inward.

A rapid, embracing glance satisfied him that they had not passed here.

"It's thick briar for over a hundred yards, that a coon couldn't pass without shaving his hide, and it comes into nothing but the open wood up yonder. Nobody in his senses would try to get through a thicket like this when he could walk round it. Besides it would take a sharp hatchet to open a track here, and there's not a cut on the bush, that I can see."

Little did he dream of the mystery which lay behind those innocent bushes, and which Edward Gordon was so soon to penetrate.

"We must have passed the trail," said Rob.

"Or it must have gone down stream, though I didn't think so. We've got to turn on our tracks. I'll take Whirlwind down this side this time, and see if there's any more vartue in his nose than in Mose's hounds. No offence, Ben, but there's not that dog in the state that can hold a candle to Whirlwind."

"He's a good dog," said Ben, shortly. "We'll see if he can find anything."

As the reader may imagine, nothing was found, though they followed the stream to the lane and below it. Baldwin's hounds struck the scent of the bear that had been shot that morning, and were off in full cry, when they were called back by the stern voice of their master.

"They are only following Whirlwind's example," he said, apologetically.

"That's so, Ben. They've the make of good dogs, and it's not bad in them taking up that dead scent," said Davy, as if wishing to cover his former disparagement. "But you must allow that they haven't Whirlwind's age and experience."

"True enough, Davy, nor his training either," said Baldwin, good-humoredly.

The search proved utterly futile, though continued the whole afternoon, and toward night they returned, weary and discouraged with their ill success, to Baldwin's house.

"I've tracked Injuns in my time, and sharp ones too," said Davy, disconsolately. "But I think this fellow's first cousin to the devil. It's no slouch that beats four scouts' eyes and three dogs' noses. I'm a bit on my mettle, boys, and I'm not to be flung off that way. Besides, there's the gal Maggie that's got to be brought back, if I take a month to it."

"Or if I take a lifetime," said Rob, gloomily but firmly.

They were as good as their word. Joe went home, but the two friends spent the night at Baldwin's, and were off early next morning, rifle on shoulder and dog at heels, to renew their unsuccessful search.

The whole day was spent in the most earnest and persistent scouring of the woods for miles round the vicinity, but with utter lack of success. It was near night time when an idea that had been troubling Davy's brain for an hour found vent in words.

"We've hunted every spot but one, Rob, and there, it strikes me, we were too easy satisfied. Brown was in that run, sure enough. We tracked it down, but we let a few briars stop us in our way up. We've used up all the likely places, it's our business now to try the unlikely places. That run may make an easier pass through the thicket than we thought, and I vote that we try it, any how."

"Not much hope," said Rob, in disconsolate tones, "but there will be no harm in the trial."

But it was near nightfall, they were three miles on the other side of Sugar Hill, and they might need a hatchet to make their way through. They concluded then to give up their search for the day, and make a new effort early in the morning.

They spent the night at the house of a friend near where they were. Several of

the hunting fraternity learned of their presence and called there during the evening. Hearing of how the affair stood, they volunteered to accompany them, so that the party, that started an hour before daybreak the next morning, consisted of six persons. Ben Baldwin joined them as they passed his house, further augmenting their number.

The sun was yet of no great height when they entered the wood and approached the centre of operations. To their surprise they beheld a number of men approaching them, having one, apparently a prisoner, in their midst.

They were partly concealed from view behind a thicket. They instantly withdrew out of sight of the advancing party, who were too much preoccupied to perceive them. The bush was rather open, with paths through it, and Rob and Crockett pushed into it, in order to get a nearer look at the strangers.

The others followed them as they worked their way carefully and noiselessly through the bushes. What was their surprise, on reaching a point that afforded them a view, to find the party halted, their prisoner tied to a tree, and a man before him with levelled pistol.

"By the blue blazes!" growled Crockett, in a low tone, as Betsy suddenly rose to a horizontal elevation.

"Stop! That's my shot!" whispered Rob, in high excitement, as he learned from the remarks of the leader of the gang that it was his own brother they were about to murder in cold blood.

The conversation we have elsewhere detailed between the outlaws was heard by the hidden men, and Gillespie again levelled his pistol.

Before he could touch the trigger, however, the rifle of Rob Gordon blazed from the thicket, and the gambler fell, a dead man.

The outlaws looked around them in the utmost consternation, and instantly took to their heels, all except Henderson, who turned his pistol upon the prisoner, at the same instant that Rob burst, like a shot from a catapult, from the thicket.

CHAPTER XVI.

AGAIN IN CAPTIVITY.

We must return to the fair fugitive, whom we left running at full speed from the threatening danger. Her overmastering dread of the form she had seen among the advancing men added wings to her flight, and she sped on with but the one thought, that freedom and safety lay before.

And never more was speed needed. She had gone scarce a hundred yards ere the sounds of pursuit were heard behind her. Looking fearfully back she saw, with deep terror, that her hated abductor was in rapid pursuit of her.

He had not been deceived by Ned Gordon's scheme, but had immediately skirted the thicket in fear of some such effort.

She now ran with yet greater speed. It was not such a motion as a city girl would call running, but a flight more like that of the fabled Atalanta, the result of her open-air life and western training.

And much she needed speed, for the man behind her came on with dangerous rapidity. She would have distanced him, however, such strength did fear lend her, but that she unfortunately struck her foot on a projecting root.

She was thrown violently forward, the great speed at which she was going causing her to strike the ground with such force as to stun her and render her insensible.

It was an hour before she recovered her senses, so seriously had she been injured by the fall. She did so to find herself lying alone in a dark place, which, at first, she feared was the cavern from which she had escaped.

But a few rays of light that came down through crevices in the roof enabled her to see, after a moment, that she was in a rude log hut, probably the abandoned habitation of some former settler in the woods.

Her mouth was tightly bandaged, so as to prevent any outcry, and on attempting to rise she discovered that her hands and feet were tied so that she could not move. Her abductor had left her in this utterly helpless condition and gone away for some unknown purpose.

It may well be imagined that she tried every measure to relieve herself from these bonds, but in vain, they were so skilfully and firmly tied as to resist all her efforts. She was utterly helpless.

Her next attempt was to remove the bandage from her mouth. In this she was more successful. By dint of turning over on the floor, and catching it ina projection, she managed to draw it down so as to release her lips.

She lost no time in making use of this partial freedom. He would not have tied her so but that he feared her giving the alarm. There was then some reason to hope for succor, and she made the hut ring with the full power of her voice, in hopes that a shrill cry might reach some ears without, and bring her assistance.

She had not long to wait for an answer to her call. Footsteps sounded outside, and she heard a hand fumbling at the door. With a heart throbbing with anxious expectation she awaited the opening. In a moment more it was flung wide open and the flood of the daylight rushed in, penetrating every corner of the old hut.

But her hope charged with a bitter revulsion to dread and terror on seeing the face and form of her tormentor standing in the open doorway, and looking down on her with a leer of triumph.

"That's pretty well done, Maggie," he said, "but you've stirred up the wrong catamount."

She made no answer, but turned her face away, as if she could not bear the sight of his countenance.

"See here, gal," he continued, "I don't want to put you to any trouble. If you'll only promise to hold your tongue and behave yourself, I won't tie you up. You've got to go with me, that's fixed, and you may as well go comfortable. I like you, Maggie, too well to want to hurt you, only I can't trust you. Will you promise?"

She still made no answer. She would make no such promise, yet feared to drive him to extremities by openly refusing.

"Very well then, gal," he said, after a moment's waiting. "I'll jest close up your talking pipes agin, being as you're a-going to be contrary."

Without more ado he slipped the bandage back over her lips, effectually preventing any freedom of speech. His next action was to remove the stout twine by which he had tied her ankles, and lift her to her feet.

"I ain't a-going to ax you to walk, Maggie," he said. "I've got a horse out here, which is what I've been after. We've got a long step afore us, and I reckoned it mought be too much for you."

He led her now into the open air, where stood a horse ready saddled, stolen for the purpose, as she imagined, from some stable in the vicinity.

Lifting her, as before, to the saddle, as though she were a feather, he mounted behind her, and started off through the woods, clasping her waist so as to prevent her falling.

The forest was here rather open, the stony character of its sub-soil preventing any dense growth of trees. There was but little underbrush, and the horse was enabled to make his way over the level ground almost as easily as if on a high road.

They rode slowly, Gillespie apparently not fearing pursuit, and not wishing to render the journey unpleasant to his captive. After two or three miles of this slow progress the wood grew denser. The soil here was richer and deeper, and the trees became so close together as to render their progress necessarily slow. There was more underbrush too, which added greatly to the difficulties of the way, forcing them to pursue a very devious path.

"I reckon there's no danger of anybody hearing you now," he said, "so I'll give you a chance to talk, if you feel like it. I didn't want to put you to any trouble, Maggie, but you drov me to it. You can yell now till you're blue in the face, and you won't start anything bigger than a squirrel."

With a dexterous movement he removed the bandage from her mouth. He also released her hands, which had continued bound.

"I'll jest put these bits of stuff in my pocket," he said, "so they'll be handy if you try to raise a disturbance. You kin talk as much as you want—but I'm kinder touchy to loud noises."

But his captive did not want to talk. The removal of the bonds was a pleasant release to her, as they had proved very uncomfortable. But this she would not acknowledge. She was too proud for entreaty, and too sad for recrimination, and kept silent, rather than indulge in useless speech.

Her captor, on the contrary, seemed in a loquacious mood. He chatted away vigorously as they rode on, and had probably freed her lips with the expectation that she would be glad of the opportunity to talk.

If so he reckoned wrongly. His captive preserved a rigid silence, making no answer to his questions or remarks, and keeping her eyes fixed on the ground in front, her mind full of sad retrospect of her misfortunes.

That attempted resistance would be useless she was well satisfied. She knew too well the strength of her captor to attempt escape from him, and took his word and action in proof of the fact that they were too deep in the forest for any cry for help to reach human ears.

He appeared inclined to be respectful in his language, and held her in a way to make her as comfortable as possible—yet the ride grew inexpressibly wearisome to her, and his remarks distasteful to the last degree.

Deeper and deeper into the forest they rode till it grew so dense that it was only with difficulty that a horse could pass. They were on the edge of the wilderness of the Shakes, and the effects of the earthquake were visible in broken and fallen trees, in others split from their roots up so that the two halves yet grew separately, in dense thickets that filled the place of areas of fallen and decaying trees, and in wide gullies, of unknown depth, half filled with water, their edges fringed with bushes.

The earthquake of 1812, had left here still greater traces of its power. Besides opening the earth into these numerous gullies it dammed up the Obion river, a deep and navigable stream emptying into the Mississippi nearly opposite New Madrid, forming two considerable lakes, one nearly twenty miles long. It was this body of water over which Ned Gordon had passed two days previously.

At that period no one lived in this region. Several severe hurricanes followed the earthquake, levelling numbers of the half-killed trees, and leaving large areas for the growth of almost impenetrable underbrush.

This section of country formed, at the period of our story, the best hunting grounds in the West. Bears, wolves, panthers, deer, elk, wildcats, &c., were there in abundance, it being the only place in that latitude, east of the Mississippi, where elk could then be found. It was also famous for its great quantities of honey, the immense number of trees killed by the earthquake forming excellent hives. The lakes were filled with wild geese, ducks, and other game birds, and smaller game abounded in the woods.

This was the favorite hunting-ground of Col. Crockett. Many a time had these woods resounded with the thunder of old Betsy's voice, and hundreds of bears and other animals had fallen victims to his prowess. It was very seldom traversed, however, except by the adventurous hunter, and Gillespie was well aware that he ran very little risk of interruption. Indeed west of the lake the ground was, as yet, almost untrodden.

He struck this sheet of water about a mile from its southern extremity, and skirted the thickly-grown shores until he had passed quite round it and emerged into the woods on the opposite side.

Passage here was, if possible, even more difficult for an equestrian. The dense and extensive thickets forced him to constant detours in order to pass them, and in some places they grew so closely together that he had to force his way through.

He would have abandoned the horse and taken the easier passage on foot, but that he feared the strength of his captive might give out, or that she might in some way yet escape from him.

They had left the lake some miles behind them ere the wood thinned out sufficiently to render passage more easy. They had now been several hours on horseback and the captive was becoming dreadfully weary of her unpleasant seat.

She at length broke her long silence by requesting to be allowed to walk, saying that she could no longer endure the pain which the saddle was causing her.

"Why sartainly, Maggie. I've got no sort of objection, if you'll promise to go along quiet, and not put me to any trouble."

"I will promise," she briefly said, glad to make any promise to escape from her irksome position, and well satisfied that any attempt to escape would be useless.

"It's only three or four miles further," he said. "We'll leave the horse to take care of hisself, and foot it the rest of the way, if you're agreeable."

"Very well," she replied.

Lifting her carefully from the saddle, he gave the horse a sharp stroke with his hand, that sent the animal off briskly through the woods, in a direction at an angle to that which they had been pursuing.

An hour's brisk walking now brought them within sight of the river. It was a beautiful view that lay before them. The broad stretch of waters, seen in brilliant glimpses through the trees, and fringed with a wall of forest on the opposite bank, shone with a glorious lustre in the rays of the midday sun.

But she had no eyes for the stream. She looked eagerly up and down the banks in hopes of seeing some person who might aid her to escape. But utter solitude marked these shores, the only evidence of human life consisting in a small, yacht-like vessel, that rode at anchor at a short distance from the shore.

The hope sprung in her mind that possibly aid might come to her from this vessel, and she scanned the deck with an eager eye, for some trace of its occupants. But all seemed as dead as the water upon which it rode.

Her captor struck the shore just opposite this craft, and with great surprise she heard him give vent to a shrill whistle. The next instant a rough-looking man appeared on deck, looking shoreward.

"Fetch a boat here, Jim. I want to go aboard," said Gillespie.

Without reply the man stepped into the boat that floated alongside, and commenced to pull ashore.

Now indeed the heart of the captive sank within her, as she saw that which she had hailed as a possible relief turned into a prison.

For the first time she made an appeal to her captor for release, in a tone full of the anguish and pain that had for hours filled her heart.

"No, no, Maggie," he coolly replied, heedless of the piteous character of her appeal, "I've had too much trouble to catch and to keep my bird to let it go now, when I've brung it right to the cage. I don't reckon to do you any harm, so you needn't fret, but I ain't a-going to let you off."

She looked, with a wild glance, up and down the shore, a strong impulse to seek safety in flight coming upon her.

He seemed to read the meaning of her glances, and took her by the arm, as if to prevent any such effort.

She proudly shook off his grasp, as though it was the touch of a serpent, and bent her eyes upon him with a glance of irreconcilable hatred and disgust. He turned his eyes away. There was something in her glance which he could not just then endure.

Without another word she stepped proudly aboard the boat, that just then grazed the bank. He followed her with equal silence. The oarsman, looking curiously at her, but making no remark, bent again to his oars. In a few minutes they were beside the vessel.

The deck was low, and with aid from her captor's hand she easily stepped aboard. Turning from him she walked back to the small, open cabin, and closed the door behind her as she entered. Here her proud bearing left her, she fell into a seat and burst into a flood of uncontrollable tears, her head falling forward on the table in the bitterness of her grief.

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 23.)

CAPTAIN MILLICENT.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

Mrs. Pierreham lived, moved, and had her being in the "wealthy circle" of New York. She was one of those human lilies who toil not neither do they spin; and because she neither toiled nor spun, but dressed handsomely, and walked gracefully, and was altogether a lustrous and lovely object for the eye to linger on, many hardworking women, standing afar off, called her a doll; and other some avenged themselves for their own heavy lot by characterizing her as a heartless woman of fashion; and still others openly and not unlovingly envied her as a pet of fortune, a woman without care and without trouble. Nevertheless they were all in the wrong. In spite of apparent dissimilitude there is a marvellous likeness between your lot and mine; and Mrs. Pierreham was neither a doll, nor heartless, nor in Paradise. She had sometimes trouble, serious and severe trouble with her servants. She was vexed and grievously inconvenienced that her dresses did not fit, were or not made according to her directions, or were delayed far beyond the promised day. Sometimes her own husband annoyed her, and often and often the sorrows of the world threw her into great perplexity and tribulation. She had no children, and, though she was too well aware of the hazards of life and the immaturity of human wisdom to be overmuch concerned thereat, she was still not ignorant that the care, the concentration of mind, the downright philosophy required by thoughtless, direct, and helpless little souls would be the greatest of all reliefs to her mental speculation, and would possibly substitute for it the certainty of open vision. She had not the taste nor the culture, possibly not the material to gather a salon after the approved Recamier pattern; and thus, not being able largely to influence the rich and learned, her surplus energy, wealth and leisure were chiefly expended on the desolate poor. But even here she was not wholly content. She was no mere sentimentalist, no stolid, if sympathetic, sister of charity. Above her heart lay a brain. She could not fall upon a fact without instinctively, though perhaps silently, investigating its cause. She was appalled by the mass of poverty that met her researches and still more appalled by the conviction that it was so largely a logical, a legitimate, an inevitable poverty. Here and there assistance might avail to improvement; but for the greater part it seemed to her that the only remedy was to burn up this world and start another.

This, however, was not a scheme that she proposed to set in operation; nor did her fixed and profound despair of general uplifting prevent her from very active exertions for individual relief. She saw that her people were idle, thriftless, shiftless, extravagant and self-indulgent; yet, when their vices or their weaknesses brought them to distress and dismay, she went in among them with oil and wine, and soothing words and winning ways; and sometimes they rose up to new life, and oftener they rose up to the old, and went their way full of cursing and coarseness and bitterness, and then she waxed even more gentle and pitiful, and gazed into the awful mystery with deep, sad, silent eyes.

She was one day threading the densely-crowded alleys of poverty and wretchedness, when one of her alley-acquaintances accosted her with the information that a young woman was dying in the garret of the house she was about passing. Mrs. Pierreham immediately hastened up the rickety and noisome stairs, and entered the dreadful, naked room. On a pallet in the corner lay a young woman, once beautiful, now wan and wasted, scarcely more by disease than by a sickness of the soul. Her eyes, wild, watchful, fierce, spoke of a will yet unsubdued, of a spirit still in revolt. By her side, making a sunshine in a shady place—the one bright star in a world of darkness—sat a little girl hardly three years old, unconscious, untroubled, playing with bits of broken crockery, apparently picked up in the street.

In the smothered, helpless, yet defiant fire of those dying eyes, in the vivid contrast, in the woe and want, the death and the life, there was something so strange and sudden that Mrs. Pierreham was shocked, and for a moment could not speak. She took the thin hand in silent, tearful sympathy, and, when she found voice, only said softly, "You are very ill?"

"Ill?" said the sufferer, sharply, "I am dying—I am dead! It is Hell—and—I don't care!"

"Poor thing! Oh! poor child, poor child!" cried Mrs. Pierreham, kneeling over her, in a burst of ineffable pity and tenderness.

"I could have fought it out," she gasped, brokenly. "I did fight it out. And I'll be the same in Hell. Why, what do you care?"

"You have suffered so, poor little child; you have had a hard life—"

"Hard? It is devilish. What does it mean?"

There was a singular child-like questioning in the suddenly changed look, changing to this novel and unmistakable sympathy.

"I know no more than you," sobbed Mrs. Pierreham. "I am just as much baffled as you. Be comforted; you shall no longer struggle alone. I only want to comfort you. God is certainly love, though it does not always look like love."

"Oh! God!" she said, with feeble but wrathful contempt, "what has He done for me? I hate Him! He has let me be crushed when He could have saved me by lifting His finger. I would have scorned to let a poor girl be trampled so. I don't respect Him!"

"Perhaps you don't quite understand Him, dear," said Mrs. Pierreham, softly.

"But He might understand me," she cried, angrily, "or else not set up to be God."

Here the little girl, tired of her play, or craving notice and petting, crept up, and laid her dimpled fingers on the dark, matted hair.

"Milly," said the poor woman, all her anger changing into passionate tenderness. "Millicent, darling, mother loves you, God does not care; but forever and ever mamma loves you. Remember that."

"And what if I love her?" said Mrs. Pierreham, patting the rosy cheek.

"No good," sighed the mother, wearily. "If God has a mind to keep her, He can; if He has not, you can't. There is no use to fight. I fought and I—failed. But I love you, Millicent. In Heaven or Hell I love you; remember that!"

Her head fell back. The upturned eyes for a moment were full of the pathos of entreaty; then a rapture of wonder, and then came silence, and unconsciousness, and the iron sleep.

So suddenly—indeed with an almost overpowering suddenness to the startled beholder, but, doubtless, after a long waiting, and a weary and bitter conflict to the sufferer—death overtook life. The eager and indignant soul went up to God with no sign of submission or penitence save that last doubtful look of the wonderful eyes; yet, as Mrs. Pierreham had watched their fading light, and as she saw the delicate features grow placid and sweet in their last repose, she felt not so much awe of Infinite Justice as peace in Infinite Knowledge and faith in Infinite Love. What human wrong and pain had warped this young heart, and repelled it even from Heavenly goodness, she could not tell, but cherished a living hope that Divine pity would yet receive, and reveal, and restore.

The landlady of the miserable garret had little information to give of her lodger. "She has been here but two weeks, mum, and held her head high and mighty like, and paid her rint like a lady; but indade, mum, 'twas aisy to see she had one foot in the grave, an' was niver a stout lassie, and all she brought with her she sold to keep the weanie one. And niver a soul came to see her, nor she niver went nowheres only for to sell or to buy, the pore craytur!" Mrs. Smith was the name she gave, but whether real or assumed there was nothing to indicate. On raising her pillow they found beneath it a small book called Daily Food, old and well-worn, as if it had been carried in the pocket. On the blank page was written "Millicent. A New Year's gift from her mother." Nor was anything more ever discovered regarding her name, parentage or history.

The little girl who had at first stood apart from Mrs. Pierreham viewing her shyly, recovered at length sufficent courage to approach and gaze, with one plump hand behind her, and then to circle slowly around, still keeping her eyes fixed on the strange and splendid vision. Even in all these dread surroundings, Mrs. Pierreham could but observe her extraordinary grace and beauty. And when the shadow of death presently threw its chill over the little one, and a long, low wail broke from her, unconscious of the real nature of her loss, but conscious of woe and desolation, Mrs. Pierreham felt her love kindle toward the orphan. What if, instead of reporting her to the city authorities, as she had solely meditated at first, she took her to her own home? She put aside the tangled hair that should have been golden, and curling, and shining; she touched the rosy cheek and dimpled chin, not pure but delicately rounded and very fair; she looked into the blue eyes, dimmed with tears and pitiful with nameless and uncomprehended grief. It is said to reflect that the tears of Beauty touch the heart which the tears of Beast leave unmoved, and that the child's loveliness chiefly suggested salvation from a fate which ugliness would only have made more forlorn. But thus it was, and without waiting to consult her husband, moved by sudden impulse, Mrs. Pierreham put the "Daily Food" into her pocket, and took the ragged, dirty child into her own carriage awaiting her not far off, and bore her to her own house.

Colonel Pierreham would not be at home till the dinner-hour. With glowing cheeks and nimble fingers Mrs. Pierreham herself took part in washing and dressing the little orphan. The soft skin came out from the bath dainty and fresh and delicate as the petals of a blush-rose. The long, rough hair grew fine and silken and wavy under her supple hands. A complete and beautiful, but strikingly simple, outfit was easily procured from the shops, and Mrs. Pierreham and her maids gazed—she with silent, they with frank, outspoken delight at this new and exquisite creation which seemed to have been evoked before their eyes.

As for the little lady, she bore herself as becomes a lady. There was at times a very touching self-restraint, unnatural in such a baby. It was as if the mother's suffering had impressed its seal of self-control on her offspring. And when the sob could no longer be repressed, and "I want my mamma" burst from the quivering lips, Mrs. Pierreham could only clasp the child in her arms and strive by every tender tone and every fond endearment to fill the little mournful heart with satisfaction for her lost mother and hope for the new day. And the child's own bounding natural spirits and fresh life and few years combined, even with her sad, premature power of resignation, to make the task easy. So presently the tiny creature stood before the pier-glass viewing, probably for the first time, her reflected image, and tried to touch the spotless cambric and the flowing hair she saw, and thought her own reflection was another little girl, and bowed to it with a pretty, piquant, satisfied grace; and when Colonel Pierreham came home she was playing on the hearth-rug with big, growling Mack, the colonel's pet, who had already laid his thunders by in gracious adoption of, and loyalty to, this lovely Lady Una.

Now it was this very home-coming of Col. Pierreham, which had given somewhat of nervous haste to Mrs. Pierreham's preparations, and sent a little subtile tremor through her blood. For she knew in her heart she was meditating a plan which her husband would not approve, and, being crafty, she was endeavoring to catch him with guile—with an innocent and natural guile—where she felt that a straightforward, direct course would have no success. This matter of adopting children had been spoken of between them; and, as often as spoken of, had Col. Pierreham declared that no unknown waif should ever drift into his affections. Col. Pierreham was a good man and true, honest and brave and leal, but missing the last fine touch of courtesy and conciliation and deference, because no wise woman's hand had deftly laid it upon him. He would have been greatly astonished to be told that he failed in aught toward his wife; and, truly, he scarcely failed, save in a certain peremptoriness, seldom visible—he being a gentleman—yet always latent, and forming always to his wife's consciousness a motive of action or inaction. And, sometimes—because it had been bred in him, and not sufficiently trained by a gentle mother, who accepted unquestioning the federal headship of the man be he any man whatever—sometimes this peremptoriness came out in a certain hard, offensive way, which brought a blush to his wife's cheek, and only did not alienate her because it was overtopped by a thousand good qualities, and chiefly buried out of sight by a real, honest generosity and greatheartedness, which unconsciously healed the wounds unconsciously made. If Mrs. Pierreham had been a little—a very little—wiser, she would have toned down the objectionable quality into a mere beneficent firmness, resolution, decision. But, not being that little wiser, and being withal pretty wise, she contented herself with living pleasantly all above, around, and about it—just as a brook gurgles and ripples and sprays over the stubborn stone which it cannot quite toss aside, till the gray old rock becomes moss-grown, and cool and fresh for the eye to look on, and hardly knows itself for an obstacle, but softens into a part of the babbling brook and the flowery bank, and all the gay green world.

So Mrs. Pierreham, having cunningly and cautiously laid her train and lighted her fuse, sat down quietly to watch the result. Col. Pierreham came in with his usual cheery greetings, and, seeing Millicent and Mack on such cordial terms, supposed she was the child of some friend, for the moment out of the room. He was, moreover, very fond of children, and he immediately advanced to her, crying—"Whose little fairy is this?"

"Ask her," said Mrs. Pierreham, smiling.

The little fairy started back from this fresh intruder, and stood with her hands folded behind in the old doubtful attitude, and gazed at him with prolonged and curious seriousness. Colonel Pierreham was much amused.

"Well, come, now, how do I pass muster?" Then she began slowly to revolve around him, surveying him all the while with the closest, silent inspection.

"Let us know when the examination is over," said the colonel, gravely.

"Ith that," said she, at length, nodding toward an opera-glass, which he held in his hand, "ith that—ith that"—with increasing eagerness, as she brought all her mind to bear on recovering the word—"ith that a mi cro-thoope?"

The colonel shouted with delight, caught her up in his arms, and sent her dancing aloft till her curls tumbled over her cheeks, and her eyes grew wide and wild with pleasure. "Come now," said he, as he sat her down again, "tell me what is your ladyship's name."

"Name 'th Meeley Midget, lill Mith Muffet," said the baby, throwing her curls over her forehead. She had not yet got over her frolic, and was in too merry a mood to answer soberly; and, as the colonel was just then called out, Mrs. Pierreham put the little girl to bed herself, and at dinner told her story to her husband.

Long before the tale ended he perceived its drift, and instinctively put on his defensive armor.

"Pity you had not found the poor woman sooner. Might have saved her life. Might have softened her down, at least. Have you reported the child?"

"N—no," said Mrs. Pierreham.

"No matter, I will do it to-morrow. I will step in before I go to the office. Pretty little creature, and bright as a button. Where on earth did she pick up that 'mi-cro-thoope?' You must keep track of her, and see that she is well placed."

"My dear, it seems a pity to give her up."

"Why, what would you do with her?"

"Save her from coldness and indifference, perhaps abuse, perhaps ruin."

"And how!"

"By keeping her here."

"She is too young to be of any use to you."

"But not too young for me to be of the greatest use to her."

"But you don't think of adopting her?"

"But I do think of just that."

"But you know, my dear, my—"

"Yes, dear, I do know just what you feel on that point, and I respect your feeling, and have never taken any measure against it. But here is a child thrown up at our feet out of the great stormy sea, and to go away and leave it seems to me quite another thing from not going on a cruise to find it."

"I don't want you to leave it, love. You shall care for its housing, and clothing, and feeding and faring to your heart's content. All I insist on is, that you shall not take a child into your heart and life without knowing anything about its origin or stock. She is a little beauty now, I confess, but she may grow up a little devil. You don't know what blood is in her. Most likely it is bad and low, and will breed moral pestilence in time."

"I really think not," replied Mrs. Pierreham. "Her poor mother, even in those last few moments of her wrecked life, impressed me as a woman of superior power and fine instincts. And if you can judge at all by the looks, this child is surely gently born."

"You can't," said the colonel succinctly.

"And if you can't, what then? The mischief is already done."

"What mischief, pray, my dear? You don't mean to tell me you have already appeared before the legislature!"

"No; but here is the child. Good or bad she is born, and is already three years on her way through life—on her way to happiness or misery, to good or evil. If she has good blood, even you would not object to her. If she has bad, so much the more she needs every restraining and constraining influence, every motive of love and tenderness to impel her in the right way. We are not responsible for the evil in her, as we should have been if she were our own, but if we can repress that evil and subordinate it to good, we shall really be adding to the world's sum of virtue."

"You might say the same of any castaway in the streets, and fill your house with them on that principle."

"But this castaway seems especially cast away on us. Bad or good, she will be likely to be far better by living with us than by being left adrift. It is not as if we were standing between her and some other good fortune. It is between her and almost certain ill-fortune."

"And you would adopt her, and pet her, and accept her into your inmost home and heart, with the possibility that she is the child of vice, and crime and infamy?"

"My darling, look at it as I do," cried Mrs. Pierreham, earnestly. "If God lets innocent, beautiful little children spring from infamy, is it for us to be shocked, not at the crime but at the children? I cannot see why He does it. I should not think He would do it. I should think He would visit the sins of the parents on the parents alone, and not raise up helpless, blameless beings to bear the burden of a guilt not theirs."

"It seems to me you are getting into deep water, my dear, and muddy water too."

"But it is out of this very muddy water that the spotless lilies spring."

"Well, what do you expect me to do about it? Bring in an Amendment to the Constitution of the Universe? It is rather late in the day to be sure. The old machine has got a pretty full head of steam on, but perhaps you can put in a new safety-pipe somewhere by taking thought."

"Oh! now you are laughing at me. But here is a child as radiant and stainless as our own child could have been—"

"Superficially, my dear; but blood will tell in the long run."

"Blood—"

"Well, my dear, you need not spurt it at me!" And indeed Mrs. Pierreham's energy was almost explosive. She could not help laughing at it herself.

"But you lay so much stress on blood, as if a few of us monopolized all the good, and left an inferior quality to circulate among the rest of the world. Why, I don't doubt your family and mine, had both, plenty of bad blood, if we only knew it."

"Ho! now. Don't let us go back on our ancestors."

"Our ancestors were well enough, I dare say; but if we could follow out all the ramifications, no doubt we should find great villains and little villains who had lent their blood to our birth. Why is bad blood intrinsically better or less objectionable because it is ours?"

"That is the very reason, because it is ours. You don't mean to say that you could not bear with my failings, if I had any, more easily than if they belonged to Dr. Phillips? I reckon that is what we are set in families for. Every chimney consumes its own smoke with tolerable ease, so the general atmosphere is kept habitably clear."

"The child is God's child at any rate," pursued Mrs. Pierreham, who was not to be lightly turned aside from her theme. "That birthright she has never forfeited, and that is broader than all our little distinctions. Oh! my dear, can't you see it as I see it?"

"No, my dear, I cannot—sorry to say, and begging your pardon. You are a woman of a thousand, and if there was a question of marrying I would marry you right over again, will you, will you. But as for taking in a child out of the streets, and fathering and mothering it, that I never will consent to. You may bless this child all you will, in the way of instruction and protection, and I am sure I hope she may do you credit. But it must be as your servant, not as your child. You may make as good a dressing-maid or table-girl out of her as you can, but not a daughter. Think you will keep her on that condition?"

"I think I will," said Mrs. Pierreham, thoughtfully.

"You understand, my dear; I am not to be misunderstood on this point. If you retain the girl she is to be a servant, and to be treated as such, now and always. There is to be no reconsideration of the subject. It is not to be open to discussion, or to alteration."

"There would be small use in that," accorded Mrs. Pierreham.

"And you are not to go around with a sad face, and think wicked thoughts against your savage old brute of a husband, who, once in a thousand years, takes the bit between his teeth."

"By no means, my Lord Sovereign," said Mrs. Pierreham, smiling. "I am to kiss the hand that smites." And she was as good as her word.

"I am sure we have been wonderfully happy these dozen years without children," said the colonel, ruefully, and coming down from his high horse, "and it would be a pretty to-do now to have this nameless little wretch rise up from the gutter to come between us. That would be doing good with a vengeance." Already the honest soul was beginning to feel the pangs of inward remorse, which Mrs. Pierreham observed with inward glee; so she became instantly light-hearted, and certain that everything would come out right in the end—that is, just as she wanted it; and she could very well afford to soothe him out of all anxiety, which, indeed, she would have done, whether she could afford it or not.

Weeks rolled on, and little Millicent grew in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man. She knew as yet nothing of position or blood. She had only a child's varying and infinite grace. She was timid and shy. She was bold and defiant. She was tender and heartless, and artless and sly, and good and naughty; and all the while she was Mrs. Pierreham's little waiting-maid, and, as such, entitled to a place on the ottoman at her feet; and, as a dressing-maid, she combed and brushed her mistress's hair into distressing tangles, using the back and the front of her implements with equal force and fervor. And "the dressing-maid" was abbreviated into "little maid," which Mrs. Pierreham often prefixed with the pronoun "my," till the words became a caress, and "my little maid" tripped through the stately rooms as airy and dainty as ever a little maid tripped down the stately measures of an old English rhyme.

As for the colonel, he was sore beset and knew it not. He could no more hold out against this prattling, unconscious, all-powerful fascination, this hovering, flattering, vanishing humming-bird with a human soul foreshadowing fate, than a snow-bank can hold out against the ever withdrawing but ever returning sunshine of the sweet, solicitous May. This little creature flew in the face of his prejudice, so utterly ignorant of his prejudice; she poured upon him with pitiless vigor all her infantile charms; she was so wilful and wayward, she flaunted before him ridiculous little grown-up graces, she reeled off interminable threads of stories, absurd and grotesque combinations of memory and fancy, enforcing her points with shaking

curls and solemn eyes, and dimpled, uplifted fingers; she hid away his handkerchief with such candid cunning, and brought him his best coat with such loving haste, though dragging it across the floor by the tail, that, even if the colonel had been a hard-hearted, sour-spoken man, he could but have softened to the small woman who bore him no resentment for his rejection of her, but filled the menial position to which he had doomed her as cheerfully and as spiritedly—and as winsomely, let us add—as she could have filled his daughter's place had she been that exalted and beloved daughter. But Colonel Pierreham was not a hard-hearted man. He was, on the contrary, a very soft-hearted man, and this blessed damozel kept poking her impertinent, dauntless fingers through the casing of pride and prejudice wherewithal he had tried to envelope his heart, and riddled his armor in all directions. The little maid amused him, entertained him, interested him, charmed him. He played with her, he brought home toys for her, he watched for her watching face at the window on his return; he taught her little tricks, and told her funny stories, and thought he was all right because he never took her in his arms and kissed her. Yes, there was where the foolish, fond old soldier drew the line between service and adoption. In the beginning he had borne himself high and mightily. Gradually won over by the child's irresistible attractions, and disarmed of anxiety and apprehension by his wife's ready and pleasant acquiescence in his wishes, he had imperceptibly lapsed to the enemy, but kept faith with himself by not giving this one special sign of surrender. He imagined he was true to his principles, and that he was bearing testimony against alien blood, because when this little alien went to bed she gave her good-night kiss to Mrs. Pierreham alone. The colonel only said, "Good-night, little Millicent," and threw the warmth of a thousand kisses into his tender modulations; and little Millicent never having known a father's kiss, missed nothing, knew no void in her happy life, suspected no defect in the quality of the colonel's love, but went her merry way without a pang, without a misgiving. But the colonel missed something. He would have given worlds had the radiant little fairy been his own daughter. That was the way it appeared to him—the way he put it to himself and to Mrs. Pierreham; but as time went on, this harmless hypothesis sometimes sank into the back ground, and he found himself more than once fairly longing to snatch the little creature and smother her with caresses. But there she was, a menial, his wife's servant, an alien from the commonwealth of his Israel, a child from the streets, and the poor colonel sighed and went back to wishing she had been his own little daughter that never came to him. To such straits are men reduced when left to the devices and desires of their own hearts.

In the winter following little Milly's arrival, the wife of a brother of Colonel Pierreham died, leaving a daughter about Millicent's age. Colonel and Mrs. Pierreham simultaneously and immediately conceived the idea of taking this little girl for their own. Here was a child who would fulfil all the conditions—a child in need of a home and a mother, yet of ascertained and respectable parentage. Mrs. Pierreham was doubtful of the effect on Millicent's fate, but was determined to do what seemed wise and kind, and not to trouble herself about the consequences. To their most earnest entreaties the father could not bring himself to consent. He would not relinquish his child permanently, but, fully acknowledging the wisdom of their plan, he yielded her to their care during her childhood, and she became at once the friend and companion of Millicent. Then, indeed, the staid old house could hardly know itself for fun and frolic. The two children were inseparable. Millicent was leader, not only by virtue of priority of possession, but by her stronger will, and her greater fertility of resources; but little Louise was gentle, and content to follow and adore; and every hidden recess of the great house, and every nook in the garden was alight and alive with their pattering feet, and their chattering tongues, and their merry, musical laughter.

Mrs. Pierreham made no difference in her treatment of these orphans. Their dress, their rooms, their attendance, their toys were entirely alike, and, in the advent of Louise, Millicent could find no violent contrast to her own condition. But Colonel Pierreham was put to a cruel test. Through the day he scarcely saw the children, but at night they were combed, and curled, and frocked, and washed with especial view to his enjoying eyes, and their games with Mack, and their general play were carried on in his study, and often with him for a most submissive and engaging partner. At eight o'clock promptly,—for the colonel was a martinet in discipline—the nurse appeared at the door, and beckoned them to bed. And then Millicent and Louise hung about Mrs. Pierreham's neck with vigorous and rival huggings and kissings, to the great displacement of her laces and ribbons, and the imminent danger of her elaborate hair-architecture. And then Louise, as her manner had been at home, made direct for the masculine arms, and was received therein with great unction. But little Millicent went to bed with only "good-night, little Millicent," sounding softly in her ears.

By what subtile magnetism I know not, but into the soul of this bright little tricksy Undine there came a shadow. Perhaps I ought rather to say, through the shadow she found her soul. Saucy, and sprightly, and resolute as she had been in love and mischief, and daring in the full assurance of faith, she made no attempt, no movement even, to share in the colonel's manifestations to Louise. She had always showed great love for him, and delight in him, and no suspicion of any slight in her failure of his good-night kiss. But that such a thing was possible from him seemed a new revelation to her. She stood apart and surveyed the scene with sober, silent attention. Mrs. Pierreham thought she would have immediately rushed up and claimed a similar enactment with frolicsome pertinacity and clamor. Indeed she had hoped it, and, perhaps, it is not too much to say, planned for it. Thus, she inferred, the last barrier would be broken, and the colonel's prejudice, having nothing left to feed on, would vanish into thin air. But so far from disdaining his overnight, and compelling his obedience with childish directness and persistence, she seemed at first amazed, and then sobered, and stood apart and gave no sign of what was passing in her silent soul. But that she took intent and serious notice, both Colonel and Mrs. Pierreham were aware, and that she pondered deeply in her ignorant, affectionate heart they were convinced.

And this made the colonel wretched. It was not only that he was truly fond of the gracious little damsel, but all his soldierly sense of justice was aroused, all his strong man's instinct to befriend the forlorn and protect the weak, and equalize the unequal. So far from finding in Louise a substitute for Millicent, his soul was all up in arms to prevent himself from doing injustice to Millicent. He felt himself to be a great, clumsy, partial power, enriching the already rich, and despoiling the poor. On Louise already hedged about with love, he lavished love, and Millicent, orphaned, desolate, even nameless, he thrust from him. And he did it before her own eyes, and in a way that impressed itself deeply upon her infantine consciousness. Why, of course, he did, he said to himself. There must always be such a distinction. Maid and mistress were not to be on a level. She was no worse off than thousands of her class. Worse off? Was she not infinitely better off? It was a remarkable streak of luck that had brought her to their door, and, in short, they were acting the philanthropic benefactors to the utmost extent; and so the doughty colonel betook himself to his newspaper, and home talk, and the opera, glad that that question was permanently settled, and satisfactorily and exultantly settled.

And the next night he was just as uncomfortable as ever, and had to settle it all over again. But no one had blamed him, or suggested anything, or complained of aught. It was only that a little sturdy figure stood aloof and mute, as if appalled at this token of things to be, and a great, strong, mighty man-of-war was trying to hold his own against her. His head was bent on carving her fate one way, and his heart was equally bent on moulding it another way. So his soul was disquieted.

And all the while he did not know what ailed him. How complicate, how wonderful is man! Only, when the children were brought in sometimes after dinner, it was curious to note how careful he was to give the one as many tidbits as the other, and never failed he to secure Millicent her proper turns in the swing, but meted out exact and equal justice. Vain struggles.

So it fell on Christmas Eve. The cold and stormy night, the bitter, blinding snow made his warm, bright home look doubly warm and bright, as he beat along the sidewalk, and mounted the slippery steps. Never from house of his, even on Christmas Eve, had rung such shouts and peals of laughter as now greeted his happy ears; for this man-child, unable to wait the perfect dawn of Christmas, had sent before him a foretaste of its delights in two tiny, dainty kittens, which had been brought into the library and were now disporting themselves with the tiny, dainty maidens. Mack had two minds on the subject, and growled, and snuffed, and snapped, and walked away scornfully, and stretched himself on the hearth-rug, and the kittens crept up the babies' shoulders, and curled up under the sofas, and the babies curled up after them, and made them ride on Mack's surly shoulders; and there was much bobbing of strings, and leaping of kittens in violent, determined, and unsuccessful somersaults, and such wild shrieks of delight, that the colonel laid down his newspaper, and Mrs. Pierreham left the piano to laugh at the capers and carols of the quintette. Their joyous excitement was at its highest when the door opened and the inevitable nurse appeared. The little girls rushed to Mrs. Pierreham with a bounding and buoyant good-night, a little more prolonged than usual, as nurse had disappeared for a moment with the kittens, and then Louise rushed with equal vehemence to her uncle, who dropped his paper and, taking her in his arms, left many a kiss on her glowing cheeks before she struggled playfully away from him. He was just resuming his newspaper with his usual "good-night, little Millicent," when he glanced at her half askant and was struck by the sudden contrast to her late merry mood. She stood in the very attitude of sorrow, her chin quivering, her blue eyes filled with tears. Then, as if her little heart were breaking and could bear no more, that low, mournful, inarticulate wail burst from her hitherto sealed lips.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the colonel, starting headlong from his chair. He caught up the little creature, he crushed her to his breast, he kissed every curve and dimple of her sad face into smiles, and as her fair, floating hair fell over his bronzed face, and he felt about his neck the clinging of her tender, helpless arms, a new soul was suddenly born within him, and he felt—"Surely the Lord is in this place and I knew it not."

But he was not exactly what we call an "active Christian." He was only a modest and, religiously, you might almost say, a shame-faced man, and thus, as the happy little pair danced out of the room he did not frame his sentiments into so pious a phrase as might be desired, but took up his newspaper and fumbled first in one pocket, and then in another, and then snapped out crossly, "where the deuce is my handkerchief?" whereat Mrs. Pierreham—so to speak—snickered, but immediately crossed over and gave him hers, and nearly suffocated him into the bargain; and though the colonel muttered something about being fooled by a lot of women, and felt that he had made a fool of himself, as indeed he had, though he was a little in error as to the time, he knew in his heart he was the happiest colonel in the whole United States Army.

I met him last summer at Newport, and as we were seated on the verandah of the Ocean House, he introduced me to his wife. I was charmed with her quiet, agreeable manners, her sensible, sprightly talk, and especially with a certain invisible, intangible under-current of sympathy between herself and her husband, something not in the least demonstrative or definite, but altogether spiritual and spontaneous.

As we sat pleasantly chatting of all things in Heaven and earth, a little girl skipped along the hall and ran up to Colonel Pierreham. She was a bewildering little beauty, all air, and fire, and bloom, and swift splendor, and glancing grace, and if she had not been born of the sunset and starlight, the sparkle of seas, and the whiteness of white lilies, she would have been about eight years old.

"Let me present you to my daughter Millicent," said Colonel Pierreham. "Our only child, sir," added that pompous old warrior, and visibly swelled and strutted, as if the child were his own especial discovery fore-ordained from the foundation of the world, and not thrust upon him with deft, unseen persistence, he all the while valiantly but vainly kicking against the pricks!—*Scribner's Monthly.*

☞ A Colorado paper, of recent date, relates the following story: "A gentleman was walking down Virginia Canon, the other day. There was no perceptible breeze at the time. Suddenly he was surprised by a roaring noise behind him—a noise like that of an express-train when crossing a bridge or passing a rocky wall. Stopping a moment to listen, the whirlwind, apparently not more than a yard in diameter, and travelling no faster than a spirited walk, picked him up, as it were, and waltzed off down the road with him. Its vertical force was sufficient to invert the tails of his coat above his head, notwithstanding the pockets were loaded with specimens of silver ore, and at the same time he was carried along for a hundred feet or more like a feather, with both feet occasionally off the ground, while under him was a noise like that of an empty car bouncing over a stony street."

Mr. Skelmersdale's Love-Making.

Getting on toward Christmas! How the year rolls on! It seems but yesterday since I was basking in the hot sunshine by the river side, watching the purling waters as they rippled past. They flowed lazily enough, as if it were too great an exertion even to them, cool as they were, to move onward; and I fancied that they lingered lovingly under the shady trees, as though they had found their heart's desire, and would rest there forever—forever, ah, no! the waters cannot rest, they must flow on and on until they find their final home in the great ocean.

But it is getting on toward Christmas now. The trees are bare, and I am standing on the edge of a pool, formed by the backwater of the river, and looking down into its glassy depths. The branches of the leafless trees are traced therein with the most exquisite pencilling; the purple clouds with golden bars between them seem no reflection, but to be floating over another sky far down under the waters—and far and near objects are mirrored perfectly upon the small expanse of looking-glass, and I marvel how it is that they are brought to paint their likenesses upon so narrow a surface, for I am not a scientific beholder of nature. And as I gaze the sun gleams out with dazzling splendor, and the sudden glory lights up the landscape with a new phase of beauty, the water seems on fire, and my picture vanishes in the brilliant sparkle of sunny flames.

But I am wandering away from the subject on which I intended to write, and yet it is whilst musing by that quiet mirror-like pool that my friend Arthur Skelmersdale comes to my remembrance, for we had often fished together along the banks of the river, and had more than once found this very pool a capital trap for some unwary pike.

Arthur Skelmersdale had made up his mind to marry early, and as we strolled along had treated me to many a disquisition upon his favorite topic, domestic bliss. I remember one particular day when we were fishing near this very spot, as he reminded me, like "fools" at one end of our rods—

"Therefore," said he, "I may as well act up to the character, and treat you to some of my foolish theories, as you are pleased to call them."

"How many on the list now, Skelmersdale?" I asked.

"Let me see," he replied, loosing his rod, and putting his hand into his waistcoat pocket. Down splashed the rod among the rushes, and away darted a fine pike that had been contemplating my bait for at least ten minutes.

"Confound it, Skelmersdale!" said I, "you have spoiled the only nibble I've had this afternoon. You'll never make a fisherman."

"Never mind," he retorted, "fishing is not the most important thing in life. What I aim at as the climax of felicity in this world is to insure to oneself domestic bliss."

"Doubtless, if one can get it. The difficulty is how to obtain it, marriage being such a lottery."

"Exactly—and that is why I am making a science of the subject. Here is my list. I have eleven down at the present time."

"Eleven!" I answered, with a shout loud enough to scare away any remaining pike that might be in our vicinity.

"Eleven," calmly repeated Skelmersdale; "here they are. Names in one row, personal appearance in another; qualifications, expectations, connections, drawbacks, &c., in a third."

"A very business-like way of conducting the matter," said I.

"Just as it ought to be," said he; "and what I want you to do now, is to assist me in cutting down my list. Those four," he continued, running his pencil through some of the names, "I have quite given up. Mary Ainslie is a good-looking girl, but too clever. I could not marry a clever wife, who might be thinking herself equal to me. No; I approve of St. Paul's exhortation, 'Let the woman learn in silence, and with all subjection.' And I know Mary Ainslie would not do that, she would insist upon having an opinion of her own, though otherwise there is no fault to be found with her. Lucy Crawford, too much money."

"That's an odd objection."

"Not at all. I could not stand being indebted to my wife in money-matters. Lizzie Johnstone, father and brothers insuperable objections. Edith Brown unexceptionable, excepting on one point—fearfully untidy. That point settles Edith Brown; my wife must be neatness itself."

"But, my dear Skelmersdale, have you no preference?"

"Not the slightest, and don't mean to have until I'm fairly engaged. What's the use of wasting affection upon a woman if she is not going to marry one?"

"But I don't understand—"

"Perhaps not, but it's very clear and simple, if you will only listen. Domestic bliss is my idea of earthly happiness, and my object is to obtain a wife upon whom I can lavish the treasures of an affectionate heart. All that I require in return is an affectionate heart which will be devoted to me. I don't care for money, though a moderate fortune would not be an objection, still I do not consider it as a requisite. I don't mind her being rather a fool."

"Hey!"

"I'm quite serious. I look upon a wife as a plaything; something to pet and to be amused with."

"Don't you want a companion? one who will advise and counsel—"

"No, I want nothing of the sort; I don't look upon women as companions. They have four ounces less of brain than men, and I should not be surprised if that is the reason we have so many strong-minded women in these days. They have not a sufficient amount of brain to take in what a man can, and so they overload themselves, and work off the superfluity in strong-mindedness."

"Perhaps quality may predominate over quantity?" I suggested.

"Nonsense! there is no doubt of the inferiority of women, and I like them all the better for it. I don't want a wife to advise and counsel me, I can get a friend to do that. Besides, a woman always takes a one-sided view of everything; she is not comprehensive in her grasp of a subject. But to return to my list. Seven left."

"Suppose we begin at the other end, and retain those who are most eligible. Georgie Hemming; what is she like?"

"The prettiest girl on the list!" answered Skelmersdale, with a slight burst of enthusiasm.

"Then, other qualifications being equal, we will retain Georgie. Let me see," said I, reading from the list; "'Personal appearance—just my style.' Hem! unintelligible to me, but perfectly satisfactory to you, I suppose. 'Qualifications—affectionate heart, mind a wilderness, quiet and retiring.' Hem!"

"Quiet and retiring, I look upon as unprecedented qualifications," interrupted Skelmersdale; "there are so few retiring girls to be met with."

"'Expectations,' I went on, 'two hundred a year on the death of a maternal great uncle; connections not influential, but highly respectable.' Well, then, there seems nothing to find fault with in Miss Hemming but the wilderness state of her mind."

"Fault!" exclaimed Skelmersdale; "I look upon it as one of her chief attractions. I don't want mind; I prefer my wife's mind to be a blank, so that I may fill it up with my own impressions. A clear sheet of paper on which I can write my own ideas."

"But does it not occur to you that if it has been a blank for so many years, it may have become incapable of receiving impressions?"

"I don't care if it has; the heart is what I look to, and if I were sure of the devotion of Georgie Hemming's heart, I would go in for her at once."

"But she might expect devotion in return."

"And she would have it," said Skelmersdale. "I shall be devoted to my wife; I shall be dreadfully in love with a girl as soon as I am engaged to her, I know I shall, and awfully jealous."

"Jealous?"

"Yes, jealous; I must have her entirely devoted to me. I suppose I am peculiar, Brettingham, but I would sooner marry a woman who thoroughly loved me, even if I did not care much for her, than I would the girl I was most deeply attached to, if I were not sure beyond a doubt of her entire affection. I should be harassed to death if I were not certain that I was continually in her thoughts. You remember Falkland, in 'The Rivals'? Well, I can enter into his feelings entirely."

"Can you? I cannot. A captious fellow, with no faith, no confidence; one to whom, if I were a woman, I would have nothing to say."

"No; now you quite misunderstand his character; a man knowing the depth and completeness of his own affections, and who cannot be satisfied without knowing beyond a shadow of suspicion that he is beloved equally in return. He must have the most convincing proofs, so must I. I shall put any one I am engaged to, to the most severe tests, in order to be sure that I am not deceived."

"And supposing she should not stand them?"

"I should give her up."

"And supposing, further, that you had fallen desperately in love with her?"

"That would make no difference. I should be convinced that I could never be happy with her; therefore it would put marriage out of the case. I tell you what, Brettingham, all men have their crotchets in matrimony. Some marry for money; some, in fact, must do so, if they marry at all, and I don't blame them for it; but with me, money is not the point. Others don't care for money, but look for beauty or connection. Some few are fascinated by talent, but these are the exceptions, since talented women are not at a premium. Then, again, some fall madly in love for no particular reason and quite involuntarily; and are alive to nothing but the simple fact that if they do not obtain the hand of Kate or Isabel, as the case may be, the world will be a dreary blank to them. Now I am perfectly willing that all these should follow out their own ideas; but their ideas are not mine. I look only for a sympathetic and loving heart, that is my preconceived notion of domestic bliss."

"Well, it's all very well to a certain extent, but I think some qualities are necessary to make your qualification available."

"I don't; but here are Georgie Hemming and her cousin!" exclaimed Skelmersdale, jumping up. "Here, Brettingham, take my rod home with you when you've done fishing, will you? and I'll go and take a stroll with the young ladies. I look upon their sudden appearance as a good omen, and shall at once make the best of my opportunities."

And he was going off, but I stopped him.

"How about the cousin, Skelmersdale? Might she not suit me? Won't you introduce me?"

"Oh, yes, if you like; but she's a conceited little thing, with loads of money, and sets herself up for being clever and piquant. But I thought you were done for? I was led to suppose that my cousin Mildred's talents and accomplishments had utterly bewildered you."

I don't know if I looked conscious, but I let Skelmersdale depart without an answer.

I did not see much of Arthur Skelmersdale during the remainder of the long vacation, for he was continually strolling about with Miss Hemming and her cousin, or riding with them, or boating. To be sure he did ask me several times to take an oar, in consequence of which I was led to observe that Miss Georgie was a very pretty girl, with a decided "wilderness of mind," and evidently much flattered by my friend's attentions. Her cousin was not so pretty, but a lively girl with twice the sense of Georgie, and with dark lustrous eyes that every now and then gleamed forth with an appreciation of some remark that Skelmersdale uttered, whilst Georgie's large tender orbs retained an unvarying expression of insipidity.

"I know which I should choose," was my mental comment, "but of course Skelmersdale knows what he is in for, and what will suit him best."

And the days flew on. Skelmersdale was devoted and Georgie gracious, and I expected that matters must soon come to a crisis. But at this point of affairs I was obliged to leave Warneford just as another actor appeared upon the stage, in the person of a distant relative of Miss Hemming's, a young lieutenant with a wonderful mustache, but not remarkable in any other way.

The sequel I learned from Skelmersdale himself. For some time after my departure everything went on as usual, with the exception of the lieutenant's presence. But as he did not seem to pay any particular attention to either of the ladies it did not interfere with Arthur Skelmersdale's plans. Nevertheless the "Falkland fit," as he called it, came over him, and he began to imagine all sorts of romances with respect to Georgie and the lieutenant, though apparently he had no ground for jealousy, as Miss Hemming still appeared pleased and willing to receive his attentions. Yet a rival, as he chose to consider the distant relative, being in the field, there was an excellent opportunity of proving his loved one's affections.

"If she stands the test," said Skelmersdale, "I shall be a happy man, for she will be worthy the devotion of my heart; if she does not stand the test, I shall still be happy, for I shall have had a lucky escape."

So he watched Miss Hemming narrowly, and had made up his mind that he might rest assured that her heart was his alone, when one morning, as he was sauntering by the side of the river, expecting to be joined as usual by the party from Hemmingford, what was his surprise to find Agnes Vincent, the dark-eyed cousin, sitting upon a shady bank in a great state of agitation, evidently awaiting his approach.

As he came nearer she rose.

"Mr. Skelmersdale, I am afraid you will think me a very strange person, but I thought you would hear it more easily—that you—would like—that I could—oh, Mr. Skelmersdale, I am so sorry for you—I—"

"What has happened, Miss Vincent, that has so greatly distressed you?"

With much difficulty Skelmersdale learned that Miss Hemming had on the previous evening confided to her cousin the fact of her engagement to the mustached lieutenant.

"It was somewhat a shock to me, I must confess, Brettingham," said Skelmersdale, when he gave me the narration, "for Georgie had acted with such consummate hypocrisy that I had been lulled into the fond belief that her heart was mine, and mine only. However, I suppose she had acted upon the plan of first catch your lieutenant before she wholly gave me up. At any rate, the lieutenant was caught, and I was thrown overboard."

"'I am so sorry!' murmured Agnes, and the tears were fairly standing in her eyes.

"Such a queer sensation came over me, Brettingham. Sympathy is what I long for—what I prize—and such a genuine look of pity gleamed from Miss Vincent's eyes that I could not help taking her hand and saying, 'Do not trouble yourself on my account; I never loved your cousin.'

"It was not much of a story, Brettingham, for I don't believe I ever did. By dint of repeating in my lonely hours, 'I love Georgie, dear Georgie! angelic Georgie!' and by apostrophizing her as 'idol of my soul,' 'queen of my affections,' and so on, I managed to work myself into a state of temporary rapture. But these little aids and appliances are by no means necessary when one is really and seriously, &c., &c., &c., as I have found by experience. Well, to continue my account. Miss Vincent started and drew away her hand. She looked up at me for an instant, the tears regularly streaming down her cheeks; she blushed scarlet and looked away again.

"Sympathy, sympathy! Oh, Brettingham! had I found what I sought for? Here was this good little creature, to whom I had paid no manner of attention whatever, grieving over my disappointment, as she thought it! I fell in love with her on the spot. It was the work of a moment, but I felt at once that I was fairly in for it. A straw reveals the way the wind blows, and a mere accident had helped me to the greatest treasure a man can possess—the love of a sympathetic heart.

"'Agnes,' said I, 'will you accept the heart you thought was destined for your cousin?'

"I needn't go through the rest of it, for I suppose you and Mildred have rehearsed it all by this time. I will only say that I consider myself the most fortunate of men, and that I hope before many months are over to realize the dream of my life in all its perfection.'

"In spite of Miss Vincent's being clever and a capital companion—to say nothing of her being an heiress?" said I, in answer to Skelmersdale's raptures.

"My dear fellow, how can I help the money? It had nothing whatever to do with it. Since it is there, one must make the best of it."

"But that is not the worst," I replied; "that may easily be got over; but how about her mind not being a blank or a wilderness, but a well-stocked garden?"

"Why," returned Skelmersdale naively, "to tell you the truth, I am a little surprised at that myself, for I find that she not only takes in my ideas more readily than Georgie did, but she also retains them. She isn't half so contradictory as Georgie was."

"You are but an example of mankind, Skelmersdale," said I; "you set off with prejudices, and marry in the teeth of them all."

"By no means," returned Skelmersdale. "I have found a heart in sympathy with my own; and as for minor considerations, what matters? Theories come to perfection through proving and disproving, and mine have been crowned with success."

Such were my friend Skelmersdale's arguments, and though I endeavored to persuade him that he owed his happiness to an accident, he always gravely assured me that this successful love-making had been entirely the result of well considered principles, very skilfully and carefully developed.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE. The February number contains Babyssings, a prettily illustrated poem, another number of "The Great South," a poem by Mrs. L. C. Moulton, "Katherine Earle," by Adeline Grafton, a paper on "Hood, Arnold and Procter," by Stedman, "Earthen Pitchers," by that fine genius, Rebecca Harding Davis, Editorial articles, &c. Scribner is evidently making a bold push for the leadership of the magazines. Published by Scribner & Co. New York.

THE GALAXY. The February number contains "Life on the Plains," by General Custer, "Linley Rochford," by Justin McCarthy, "John Wesley," by A. H. Guernsey, "Women as Friends," by J. H. Browne, "What are our Democratic Institutions?" by R. B. Kimball, &c. The Galaxy differs from Scribner in having more of a political bias. It is an excellent magazine. Published by Sheldon & Co., New York.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for February leads off with "Naples under the old Regime," by Robert Dale Owen. The "Recollections of Agassiz," by Theodore Lyman, are interesting reading, and Will Wallace Harney's verses, "Nooning in Florida," are rather pretty. Published by Hurd & Houghton, New York; Boston Agency, Noyes, Holmes & Co., No. 219 Washington street.

THE JOURNAL OF THE FRANKLIN INSTITUTE for January. An excellent number. Some of the papers, particularly the one on "A New System of Engraving Plates for Typographic Presses," present new facts of considerable importance. Published by the Franklin Institute at their Hall, Phila.

A STOUT HEART; OR, THE STUDENT FROM OVER THE SEA. By Elijah Kellogg, author of "Lion Ben," &c. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Phila.

THE PUBLIC LEDGER ALMANAC for 1874. A pretty little pamphlet for the Ledger readers, who are legion, containing a calendar and various interesting statistics.

THE MEMOIRS OF VIDOCQ, THE HEAD CHIEF OF THE FRENCH POLICE. With illustrative engravings from original designs by Cruikshank. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

APPLETON'S RAILWAY AND STEAM NAVIGATION GUIDE for January. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

LA CRÈME DE LA CRÈME. No. 2. A collection of music for advanced players. Published by J. L. Peters, New York.

☞ Catharine Oates, of Cornwall, England, travelled all the way to Tuolumne county, Cal., to marry the lover she had not seen for eight years, and found him wedded to a Mexican rancher's daughter and the father of only five children.

☞ A London exchange tells of a good joke which was played, the other day, on an enthusiastic band of archæologists, who were exploring the quaint old town of Banbury in search of antique lore. The following was sent to the secretary as an inscription copied from the corner-stone of an old structure lately pulled down:

"SEOOFH SREVE EREH WCHSUME VAHL
LAH SERS SE OTHEH NOH LLEBDNAS
REGNI FREH NOS GNIRES HORYER
GAKOHD IRYD ALE NIFAE ESOTS SORCY
RUD NABOT ES ROHE CO CAED IE."

After the learned heads of the *savants* had been puzzled for awhile, one of their number hit upon the expedient of reading the learned inscription backward, when it was found to be an ingenious transposition of a well-known nursery-rhyme—"Ride a cock-horse," etc.

Nature's Cathartic.—No medicine is needed to keep the bowels in order as long as nature's cathartic, the bile, flows freely and regularly from its source in the liver, and is of the right strength and quality. But the great biliary gland is easily disordered, and the consequences of its irregularities are serious. To bring it back to its natural condition when thus affected, HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS should be taken at least twice a day until the desired object is attained. Constipation is due to a scant supply of bile, or to a lack of the stimulating element in that fluid. In either case mere purgation is useless. The liver must be compelled to yield the supply of bile necessary to remove the waste matter from the system at least once in twenty-four hours before a radical cure of costiveness can be accomplished. Hostetter's Bitters produces this effect. Its action upon the stomach and liver is direct and salutary, and through these organs it regulates and invigorates the whole frame.

At this season of the year, when so many of our people are suffering from colds, we call attention to AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL as a sure cure not only for coughs and colds, but all affections of the lungs and throat. Having used it in our family for many years, we can speak from personal knowledge of its efficiency. There may be other remedies that are good, but in all our experience this has proved to be by far the best. Its qualities are uniform and wholly reliable. It is pleasant to take, and should be kept at command, by every family, as a protection against a class of complaints which seem harmless in the beginning, but become afflicting and dangerous if neglected.—*N. H. Register.*

PIMPLES, ERUPTIONS, ROUGH SKIN.

The system being put under the influence of DR. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY for a few weeks, the skin becomes smooth, clear, soft and velvety, and being illuminated with the glow of perfect health from within, true beauty stands forth in all its glory. Nothing ever presented to the public as a beautifier of the complexion ever gave such satisfaction for this purpose as this Discovery. The effects of all medicines which operate upon the system through the medium of the blood are necessarily somewhat slow, no matter how good the remedy employed. While one to three bottles clear the skin of pimples, blotches, eruptions, yellow spots, comedones, or "grubs," a dozen may possibly be required to cure some cases where the system is rotten with scrofulous or virulent blood poisons. The cure of all these diseases, however, from the common pimple to the worst scrofula is, with the use of this most potent agent, only a matter of time. Sold by all Druggists.

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MRS. A. W. WILLIAMS.

EAST INDIA HEMP is the only thing on record that positively cures Consumption and Bronchitis. We have many palliatives, but CANNABIS INDICA is the only permanent cure, and will break up a fresh cold in 24 hours. One bottle will satisfy the most skeptical. Price, $2.50. Sold everywhere. Send stamp for certificate of cures to CRADDOCK & CO., 1032 Race street, Philadelphia, naming Saturday Evening Post. fe7-13t

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THE
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEB. 7, 1874.

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Address

SATURDAY EVENING POST,

No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

LETTERS FROM ZIG.

A REFINED ENJOYMENT.

Maybe you will think it an evidence of an uncultivated heathen taste. Doubtless it will appear to you decided proof of a low development of intellect, like that of a turkey, for instance, or an oyster, or the man who hasn't sense enough to take him home. I don't care if you do think so, and I can't help it anyhow—but the fact is I don't appreciate opera. I used to say I liked it, when I was young, and tried to be in fashion, but now that I am old, and my fortune's made, I'm determined to out with it, and say I don't like opera a bit, and never did like it. I used to tell stories, in my time. (Don't pretend to be shocked at that now. I've no doubt you did the same thing, yourself.)

I believe the main reason why I don't like opera, apart from the everlasting long-drawn-out, stupid tiresomeness of the thing, is its outrageous unnaturalness. Think of a mortal five-act drama, four scenes to each act, of plots and counterplots, of treachery, fooling, fighting, and love-making, and all of it done up in singing, with a blattering, squealing orchestra for an accompaniment, all the way through! Think of marrying, mocking, and murdering folks all by singing! Faith! yes, think of scolding and quarrelling too, and singing it all off like a lot of pigeons squabbling upon a barn-door.

It's the most absurd idea in the universe. I have always thought it was the part of the drama to represent human passions and emotions in the most natural manner possible, and that the more nearly the drama approached nature, the more admirable it was. That's the charm of Jefferson's acting in Rip Van Winkle, if you will notice. But when a person is overpowered by any mighty emotion of whatever sort, does he ever go to singing, I want to know? No, he doesn't. When he feels very much amused, he laughs out loud and jolly, when he feels very much enraged, if he's a man, he swears, if she's a woman, she cries, usually, because the laws of polite society don't permit her to swear. But they don't either of 'em sing. Oh! no. If anybody would murder your brother, or step on your corns, what would you think of yourself if you went to singing about it? Other folks would think you were crazy, and with good reason. Express all human emotion by means of music, did you say? Stuff and nonsense! Music may be able to express how Hamlet feels when he sees his father's ghost, but it can't express how a human being feels when a big Irishman treads on his corns. Oh! no. Don't tell me!

Operas were invented, or introduced, or discovered, or something, I don't know what to call it, in England, about 1704, in the reign of her blessed Majesty, Queen Anne the Ester, and they've had a run of one hundred and seventy years, and they are running yet, to crowded houses. I don't know whether they'll be fashionable in the day of judgment or not. I dare say they will, too, come to think, because the Bible says that at the day of judgment, when Old Satan gets his final come-uppance for all the mischief he has done to poor mortals, in that day there shall be weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth. If that doesn't mean opera, I don't know what it does mean.

Every once in a while I'm inveigled into going to an opera. Each time too I remember perfectly well how tired I got of it last time, but then I think maybe this or that new singer will shed some light or sweetness on it, which I couldn't perceive before, or if not that, maybe my taste will be refined by that time up to the point where I can appreciate opera. But it never happens, either the one or the other. My taste never becomes refined, and the new prima donna never sheds any new sweetness. A few days ago I went to an opera, determined to do my duty and admire it. I was resolutely resolved to admire or die. The most famous prima donna of the season sang. She had lovely clothes, and herself looked very pretty except when she rolled up the whites of her eyes to die, which she did every few minutes, or when she reached up to catch her tune, away up in A, or somewhere along there. Indeed the tune was so high up in places that I think it must have been double X. When the prima donna reached up to catch at double X, she stood upon tiptoe, and made a face as if she had the toothache, besides stretching up her neck in a way painful to behold. Being naturally of a sympathetic nature, I felt as if I wanted to go right down and put my shoulder under her arm, and help lift the poor thing up to the ceiling, so she could reach double X.

The plot of this opera was that two young fellows were both in love with the prima donna. She liked one of 'em better than she did the other. She put her arms around the neck of the young man she liked, and embraced him in the most affectionate manner, four times during that one evening. People complain that the price of admission to operas is so dreadfully high. I don't think so at all. A woman who has to put her arms around a man's neck and embrace him four times every night for a whole winter, ought to be well paid for it.

A newspaper correspondent lately mentioned a witty saying of Artemus Ward's, which I never heard before. "I'm saddest when I sing," says Artemus. "So are those that hear me." I thought of that all the time the famous singers were doing that opera. First the lover whom the prima donna didn't like appeared on the stage, with a sheet tied in a romantic manner across one shoulder. He advanced with a song, waving his sheet gracefully on the breeze, whereupon the orchestra blattered away like fun. Then the prima donna came on, and singing at every step, embraced the wrong young man by mistake, it being supposed to be night so she couldn't see. The right young man came on from the rear, and he was singing too, and the right young man and the wrong young man met right there, and hissed at each other like a couple of cats. They sung that they hated each other for double-dyed villains, that they'd murder each other in cold blood, first chance, and then they sung that they swore they'd each have that young woman or die. Meantime the prima donna rolled up the whites of her eyes in the awful manner I mentioned before, to faint, but thought better of it and sung that she was frightened nearly to death because she had kissed the wrong man, and because she thought the two fellows would kill each other, and the orchestra kept howling away that it was all a fact and more too.

After awhile the young man whom the prima donna doesn't like, gets the other one in his power, and stands on the stage with a lot of fellows, with tin wash-basins upon their heads, at his back, and sings that he rather thinks he has him now, and he'll punch his head for him. While he still stands there, the prima donna comes in all dressed in black, and goes down upon her knees to him, and sings that she begs him to pity her, and let the other fellow go. Whereupon he hisses at her like a pizen sarpent, and sings that he won't do any such thing, never-r-r! At that the fellows with the tin wash-basins on their heads, set up along with the orchestra, and all howl as if the day of judgment had come—*venit summa dies.*

Next the contralto faints through her nose, and, for a side show, a little bit of a man supports a whaling great big woman, and staggers while he sings that she's dying. Presently she sings her parting blessing to him, and dies in a beautiful manner, while the little bit of a man sings, Oh, my, she's dead! (He looks as though he's glad of it.) The fellows with the tin wash-basins on their heads, the prima donna with her eyes rolled up, the young man whom she likes, and the young man whom she doesn't like, mixed like a nest of young kittings and sing all together, Oh, my, she's dead! Finally, the orchestra blatters Oh, my, she's dead!

The prima donna next dies singing; then they sing and hang the young man whom she likes, after that the young man whom she doesn't like is just in the act of singing that he's r-r-revenged, when, for a finishment, the castle in which they are supposed to be, takes fire and sings that it's burning all the rest of 'em up in a pile, and that's the end of 'em, thank goodness! Only all of us fellows in the audience, who have sat there and watched 'em cut their capers, wanting to impress one another that we are possessed of refined and cultivated musical ears, clap our hands like fury, and pretend to be overcome with an ecstasy of delight at the magnificent performance. That's all. ZIG.

Carl Gaertner's Popular Classical Afternoon Concerts.

One of the most laudable musical enterprises of the season went into operation on Saturday, January 10th, at the Musical Fund Hall, and is an effort of Mr. Carl Gaertner, of the "National Conservatory of Music," to establish a series of refined musical entertainments, on the plan of the London Popular Concerts, at which during the past fifteen years thousands of people have enjoyed the privilege of hearing the works of the masters, rendered by first-class artists, at the modest entrance fee of one English shilling. Hitherto we have had nothing of the kind here, for whenever popular prices have been introduced, the standard has fallen far below the demands of a cultivated audience; but if substantial public recognition be accorded the projector of the scheme before us, the firm foundation will now be laid for what will eventually be the pride of our city.

Years ago, numbers of our citizens made their first enlarged acquaintance with the rich literature of chamber music through Mr. Gaertner's twenty-five classical matinees held at the Assembly Buildings, and there are those among us who will always remember these with delight. In chamber music, to which the present series will also be confined, are found some of the most delicate conceptions of the masters of that art in which, if properly understood, lie the elements of power.

The programme to the opening concert was a truly fitting introduction to those vast treasure-stores, embracing, as it did, Haydn's bright, beautiful Quartette in G, (No. 50,) and Mozart's lovely Clarionet Quintette op. 108, both of which met with the noblest interpretation. Also the exquisite performance of Prume's "La Melancolie," by Mr. Gaertner, than whom we know of no violinist who better fulfils our idea of "singing on the king of instruments," gave promise of great treats in the way of solos.

In gazing about the Musical Fund Hall on Saturday afternoon, we recognized the countenances of certain appreciative concert-goers who never miss a chance of hearing pure and good music. But there was one face we missed—the face of one who was ever ready to lend a helping hand to all who labored faithfully to broaden the field of culture, and that was the face of William Horstmann, for many years President of the German Society. And in thinking of him we are led to reflect how few of his wealthy countrymen who live here are like him. Germany has attained an intellectual plane exceeding, especially in musical art, anything the civilized world can show; and since she has stridden forth victorious in the might of her power this has been widely acknowledged. Why is it then that Americans display more interest in German music, language and literature than our German citizens? Why, when a man like Carl Gaertner devotes the best energies of his life to disseminating a spirit of high-toned culture of the German school, does he chiefly encounter sympathy from native Americans, while Americanized Germans, with an inexcusable apathy, envelope themselves in the interests of the work-a-day world, allowing their children to acquire the most trifling and flashy tastes? Yet there must be many Germans here capable of appreciating the advantage of educating their children in the best spirit of German culture; and on such we call to shake off their indifference and come forward to aid in this and every other effort for our advancement.

The concerts which have called forth these remarks will take place every Saturday afternoon at 3½ o'clock, and will be of incalculable benefit to teachers and students of music. Tickets are sold in packages of 20 for $5.00, of 3 for $1.00, and singly for 50 cents, and can be had at the principal music stores, or at the door of the hall. Our best wishes attend the enterprise.

CIRCUMAMBULATION.

A Life Walk from Watch-hill, R. I., into Franklin's Saturday Evening Post Office.

Recently, the SATURDAY EVENING POST published a poem by H. W. Stillman, called "Watch-hill Bay." Just on the opposite edge of this bay stands Stonington, which so gallantly defied the British squadron that in 1812 blockaded the coast from New York to Boston. The British admiral, who had served under Lord Nelson, had a dread of the Stonington torpedoes, which threatened to blow up his wooden walls. He threatened to bombard the town unless they would stop their torpedo work, but the townspeople defied the squadron, and hence the famous bombardment, which I had the pleasure of witnessing from the safe distance of five miles, at my residence in the charming village of Westerly, which the poet of the Post thus notices:

"The sun is high
Within the sky,
'Tis noontide on the bay;
The surf's dull roar
On Watch-Hill shore
Seems, oh, so far away!
The palest hue
Of lovely blue
Pervades the summer sky,
Where fleecy clouds
Like ships' white shrouds
Sail onward silently.
More darkly blue,
But fair to view
Lie bay and sea below,
Where real sails,
Borne by soft gales,
Speed lightly to and fro.
Our waiting boat
Idly afloat
Rocks gently on the tide
Beside the pier,
And we can hear
The water lap her side,
While dreamily
We gaze away
Across the bay so wide,
Where Stonington
Sleeps in the sun
Nor wakens from her drowse,
Where Osbrook green
And fair is seen
Waving her forest boughs,
Or northward still
O'er vale and hill
Toward busy Westerly.
* * * * * *
Oh, summer noon
Vanished too soon!
'Tis joy to while away
Your moments fleet
In musings sweet,
Floating on Watch-Hill bay."

From Westerly we had a fine view of the rockets, bombs and bursting shells which were sent blazing red-hot into Stonington; no Fourth of July holiday fireworks, but the real battle-fires, which our men of Stonington bravely returned, until the invading force was driven off. One night, while seated on a wall watching with intense interest the fierce fight, a meteor suddenly appeared flaming directly toward us, and so great was the illusion that all of us sprung down and hid behind the wall, to avoid the coming peril.

On the return of peace in 1815, passing through Connecticut, I reached New York and entered a mercantile establishment as successor to Joseph Rodman Drake, who had then become known from his exquisite "Culprit Fay," and that spirited, patriotic national song,

"Forever float that standard sheet."

Poor Drake died early, from consumption, and to his memory Halleck wrote the touching tribute,

"Green be the grass above thee,
Friend of my happier days,
None knew thee but to love thee,
Or named thee but to praise."

How many pleasant reminiscences of my five years' sojourn in New York, sixty years ago, come thronging on memory—reminiscences of the literary and business men of the olden time. I remember my first and happiest literary moment, when Geo. P. Morris acknowledged in his *Mirror* that "T. C. C.'s poem was received." Blessing on the author of "Woodman, spare that tree," and "The Old Arm-Chair," the mother's precious gem. But there are many other matters besides literary. Old Washington Market, a favorite resort, has just been torn down, and in its wreck what visions of delicious fruit arise! when my boyish fancy was regaled with lines deep cut over the central entrance, "Hungry patients cured here. No cure, no pay; but if well cured, pay right away." That classical couplet may have come from the fat woman, who, when the old market was demolished last week, mounted a meat stall and made a glowing speech. She said that "when she first came into that market she weighed 200 pounds, and now boasted that she weighed 325; that she had made $100,000 there, and meant to make as much more." An heroic woman that.

But a more serious business point is the fate of many New York merchants, who live a life of excitement and die bankrupts. Some years after leaving New York, meeting a member of our old firm, I inquired after this, that and the other merchant, and the reply was, "They have failed and gone out of business." *Hunt's Merchants' Magazine* says 90 out of every 100 merchants fail; and the Rev. H. A. Boardman, in his counting-house lectures, delivered in his own church before Philadelphia merchants, declared the same startling fact, quoting Boston authority for saying that "90 out of every 100 merchants failed." Well, let us go to farming. But I must get out of New York, or I shall never reach Franklin's printing office.

Passing through New Jersey and taking a wide circle, I visited the Valley of Wyoming in search of that Gertrude of whom Campbell sang. It so chanced that at the moment of my visit the skeletons of those who were so cruelly massacred when Wyoming was in flames, by the Indian's tomahawk and scalping knife, had just been disinterred from the hole in which the victims were hastily and secretly thrust in fear and trembling—so secretly concealed that the spot was long unknown. The bones were then awaiting re-interment under a suitable monument; and an opportunity was presented me of examining the ghastly remains. It was a relief to turn to the beautiful scenery through which the Susquehanna winds its peaceful way. In passing through Northern Pennsylvania, what a delightful succession of finely cultivated farms, fertile valleys and magnificent mountain scenery; but how slow the traveller's progress compared with the rapid transit of the present day. But I passed on leisurely and pleasantly toward my objective point; most of the distance over the track since transformed into the North Pennsylvania Railroad. But long before that railroad existed, I traversed the distance, reaching its terminus as I stepped over the well-worn door-sill, "back of 53 Market street," over which, in olden times, was "B. Franklin, Printer." When *The Saturday Evening Post* took possession, the printers read over the entrance to the composing-room a much-needed

CAUTION.

All you who come this curious art to see,
To handle anything must cautious be;
Lest by a slight touch, ere you are aware,
That mischief may be done you can't repair.
Lo! this advice we give to every stranger,
Look on and welcome, but to touch there's danger.

Half a century since THE POST spread its banner to the popular breeze as the first and only Family Paper in the land, and how well it has sustained its position is seen in its well-filled columns in this 1874, and its determination to be still ahead of all competition.

Yours, respectfully, 1812 to 1874.

Getting Ready To Be Married.

Of course that means sewing—the preparation of an elaborate trousseau, the consideration of patterns, the everlasting hum and click of the machine, the selection of trimming, the slow, tedious hours of finest stitching. I wish it did not. Think of a girl drawing near to the most important event of her life, with brain and heart and fingers engrossed with attire! The first thought, clothes; the second, clothes; the third, clothes. What will become of some woman in Heaven, I wonder, where there is neither shopping nor fashions; where the puny mite of a spiritual body that gets a chance to grow among the dry-goods, is adorned without any thought of theirs, like the lilies or the sunset clouds.

There is not only the negative evil of time wasted by being misapplied, but the positive one of injury to health. So universal is it, that when a girl grows thin and pale, wan and spiritless, it is enough to say, "she is going to be married." If it were necessary—but the fact is that necessary sewing, plain work, does not absorb the spirit at all; it may roam the universe while the fingers fly. Miss Ingelow's betrothed maiden sits at the open window

"Sewing the long white seam,"

but the stitches do not fetter her thoughts, they are out over the sea through her luminous, heart-full eyes, watching for her returning lover. The sacrifice is made for ornament, by those who are free to choose, and deliberately think it worth while. Ruffles and embroidery are beautiful, unquestionably, but bright eyes and elastic steps are more so. A wise writer, "Ruth Freeman," thus draws attention away from all this "mint, anise and cummin," to the weightier matters of the law:—

"Twenty-five years, eight months, and five days were spent in fitting Louise Greyburn for marriage, and she was not an old woman either when she gave her hand to fortunate Alwyn Nevis. You see her mother began the great work as soon as the child Louise was born. Indeed, it was begun early in that wise mother's single life; though, of course, not with especial reference to Louise.

"Do you imagine that I mean embroideries, table linen, etc., etc., when I speak of the great work of preparing Louise for marriage?

"Oh, no, no, no! I cannot remember now as I have ever seen a bit of embroidery about the person of Louise. I dare say I have; but, if so, it has been so perfectly in place as to escape my notice. And her table linen, I am sure I cannot remember anything about it, though I was a guest in her house a day and a night during the first month of her housekeeping. I will tell you what I did see.

"Love! It beamed from the eyes, it flushed the cheeks, it softened the voice, it ran over and flowed around everything, yet there was no ostentation of love or happiness. I dare say that everything in that house was in excellent taste, but the details are not distinct in my mind. I remember some beautiful pictures on their walls. I know there were plenty of books. There was a musical instrument. I guess it was—yes, I think it was a piano, but I know that Alwyn and Louise sang together.

"'Fine voices!' I presume so. I did not think of that. I just thought, 'How good the Lord is! And He is *Love.*'

"Well, I was going to tell how they prepared Louise for this magnificent success in the way of marriage. I will call it a 'success,' though Louise has not been a wife more than half a year, and though her husband is a farmer whose whole estate, real and personal, would scarcely bring more than a thousand dollars. I dare say they will meet with troubles and perplexities of various kinds, but their house is founded on a rock and it will stand. Their love is pure and religious. Their marriage is a holy sacrament. There is no school like it in all this human life—the school of marriage and parentage—for all who truly love.

"The mother of Louise tried to give both body and soul a fair chance to grow, and was too reverent toward her child's Creator to impose any restraints upon its nature, except such as were obviously necessary to check selfishness and teach the child self-government. 'Love was law, and joy was duty' in the home where Mrs. Greyburn was mother. In such an atmosphere the young Louise unfolded. She learned from her mother's example and precept first, and afterward from other teachers and from books, to take good care of the body that enshrined her immortal soul, her lungs had free play, and her limbs had healthy exercise. In her early youth she learned from the most fitting teacher of such things, her mother, the meaning of her sex and its physical peculiarities. To a child so instructed, clearly and reverently by a Christian mother, all these matters are pure and high, as God meant they should be. Curiosity, wisely gratified when it innocently arose, had no chance to become morbid or to seek satisfaction from poisonous sources.

"Louise and her brothers were daily companions at play and at school, and while Louise was a schoolgirl, through all grades she had boys as well as girls for classmates. So she had no false or exaggerated ideas of the masculine character. She had been unconsciously reading it all her life. She had good friends among gentlemen before she felt the first dawnings of love for any.

"'None knelt at her feet as adorers in thrall,
They knelt more to God than they used—that was all.'"

IRISH LADIES.

Physically, Irish women are probably the finest race in the world—I mean taller, better limbed and chested, larger eyed, and with more luxuriant hair, and freer action, than any other nation I have observed. The Phœnician and Spanish blood which has run hundreds of years in their veins still kindles its dark fire in their eyes, and with the vivacity of the northern mind and the bright color of the northern skin, these southern qualities mingle in most admirable and superb harmony. The idea we form of Italian and Grecian beauty is never realized in Greece and Italy; but we find it in Ireland, heightened and exceeded. Cheeks and lips of the delicacy and bright tint of carnation, with snowy teeth, and hair and eyebrows of jet, are what we should look for on the palette of Appelles, could we recall the painter and reanimate his far-famed models; and these varied charms, united, fall very commonly to the share of the fair Milesian of the upper classes. In other lands of dark eyes, the rareness of a fine-grained skin, so necessary to a brunette, makes beauty as rare; but whether it is the damp softness of the climate or the infusion of Saxon blood, a coarse skin is almost never seen in Ireland. I speak now only of the better-born ranks of society, for in all my travels in Ireland I did not chance to see even one peasant girl of any pretensions to good looks.

Modest to a proverb, the Irish woman is as unsuspecting of an impropriety as if it were an impossible thing, and she is as fearless and joyous as a midshipman, and sometimes as noisy. In a ball-room she looks ill-dressed, not because her dress was ill put on, but because she dances, not glides, sits down without care, pulls her flowers to pieces, and if her head-dress incommodes her, gives it a pull or a push—acts which would be perfect insanity at Almack's. If she is offended, she asks for an explanation. If she does not understand you, she confesses her ignorance. If she wishes to see you the next day, she tells you how and when. She is the child of nature, and children are not "stylish." The niminy-piminy, eye-avoiding, finger-tipped, drawling, don't-touch-me manner of some of the fashionable ladies of our country would amuse a cold and reserved English woman sufficiently, but they would drive an Irish girl into hysterics. I have met one of our fair country people abroad, whose "Grecian stoop" and exquisitely subdued manner was invariably taken for a fit of indigestion.—*N. P. Willis.*

DE PROFUNDIS.

"An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
Groping blindly above it for light."

Whence does it come, this power that stirreth the heart of the young?
That fills it with vaguest longing, half harsh, like a harp unstrung,
Till the soul runneth o'er with music, touched by a minor strain,
And the mystic line is crost, where pain is pleasure and pleasure pain.

When the past and present are dimmed by the gorgeous future of dreams,
The good of to-day lies untouched, while the wild and busy brain teems
With a thousand projects and plans, o'er which Hope's glamours fall,
And myriad voices seem to chaunt, "Take heart, thou canst do all!"

Oh! in this springtide of life, when the brain is full of vain longing,
The infinite seemeth so near, and a glory not to it belonging
Is cast on the finite—then, while the aim and the object are pure,
Pray God thou may'st pass away, ere comes the time to endure!

But who ever was wise in time? They say wisdom cometh with years,
Cometh later with heartache, bitter regretting, perchance with tears;
For in the noonday of life there shall pass thee in sad array,
What long ago thou planned to do—what is done at that present day;
And with the sunset of life comes there a strange sense of sorrow—
What canst thou show for thy life?—the end is perhaps to-morrow.

Then what is the use of striving—to strive and fall short of our aim?
For mayhap in the mystic Hereafter it will be over the same;
And mayhap we shall take it with us, only intensified,
This seeking after perfection that can never be satisfied!

M. D.

HOUSEHOLD ITEMS.

To keep a pan of water standing in the air-chamber of a furnace, or on top of a stove, is good for correcting the dry heat of the air, but more important still for absorbing impurities. It is noticeable in summer how quickly ice-water left exposed in a room, is spoiled for drinking; losing, not its coldness only, but its purity; which shows the amount of service done to the air by such exposure of fresh water. Of course frequent renewal is necessary. We cannot wonder at the quantity of bad butter brought to market in winter, when we consider the close quarters necessitated by frosty weather, and that milk is often left standing exposed to the smells from the cooking-stove, or worse, the vapors of the wash-room.

Wetting coal, to prevent dust when it is put into the cellar, may do mischief when there is much in a mass. It is liable to heat, and give off carburetted and sulphuretted hydrogen, which pervades the house, causing sore throat and other evils. There are instances of spontaneous combustion from wet coal poured into the holds of vessels, where the gases generated cannot escape.

An energetic lady, Daisy Eyebright, announces that she caused a stampede of rats and mice from her premises by covering the cellar walls with a thick wash of lime made yellow with copperas, and using crystals of the same to fill holes and crevices. This disinfectant might not always succeed in expelling the rats, but it is certain to act as a preventive of typhoid and other fevers, so apt to prevail in winter.

Nobody need be troubled with roaches who can procure a pound of pulverized borax, to scatter over the shelves and closet floors. It is a singular fact that these creatures cannot endure it; and it has the great advantage over any poisonous remedy that it can be used freely where eatables are kept.

HOW SUCCESS IS ACHIEVED.

Who are the men who succeed in a noble manner, who influence the nation's heart, who advance her commerce, who rule her thought? They are those who can rise out of failure and shake it off; who, when they err, accept their error, and say, "Now I know where I am weak, *that* I will never do again;" who look their sin straight in the face, and say, "It is bad and vile, but it can be redeemed by effort, lived down by perseverance in good;" who do not despair and hide their face in a cowardly remorse, but who believe that the world forgives sins if it sees determined action toward their opposite; who make their mistakes, their failures, the stepping-stones to their success.

The history of science is the history of exhausted errors. One after another their impossibility was demonstrated. All the mistakes possible to be made with regard to the system of the universe were made. They were necessary steps in the progress of knowledge; one after another they were found out, and men, having experienced and rejected all the errors, rested securely in the truth.

Nations advance through exhausting errors, and, as they find them out, paving with them the path of their progress. But the true was found only through knowing and conquering the false.

STOFFORD A. BROOKS.

MARRIAGE.

Leigh Hunt concludes an essay on marriage as follows: There is no one thing more lovely in this life, more full of the divine courage, than when a young maiden from her past life, from her happy childhood, when she rambles over every field and moor around her home, when a mother anticipated her wants and soothed her little cares, when her brothers and sisters grew from merry playmates to loving, trustful friends; from Christmas gatherings and romps, the summer festivals in bower or garden, from the rooms sanctified by the death of relatives; from the secure backgrounds of her childhood, and girlhood and maidenhood—looks out in the dark and unilluminated future, away from all that, and yet, unterrified, undaunted, leans her fair cheek upon her lover's breast and whispers, "Dear heart, I cannot see, but I believe. The past was beautiful, but the future I can trust—with thee."

Ruskin Growing Peculiar.

Mr. Ruskin grows more and more peculiar in his utterances. He recently said, in a public lecture, that a certain shopkeeper who had built a rather pretentious looking shop, must be a villain who had committed some great crime, on the ground that there is a necessary connection between bad taste and bad morals. At another time, hearing a clap of thunder, he stopped and said that that noise convinced him more than ever that the devil was on the earth, and was at that moment trying to interrupt his (Mr. Ruskin's) lecture. Most people would say that a man who talked in this style was crazy.

☞ He who finds a certain proportion of pain and evil inseparably woven up in the life of the very worms, will bear his own share with more courage and submission.

☞ Some men mourn that they have made and broken so many resolutions. It is sad that you have broken them, but thank Heaven that you made them.

OBSERVATIONS.

BY MAX ADELER.

—We have already mentioned that old Mr. Collamore, who goes to our church, is very deaf. Last Sunday, in the midst of the service, Mr. Hoff, who sits immediately behind Mr. Collamore, saw a spider walking up the latter's bald head. His first impulse was to nudge him and tell him about it, but he remembered that Collamore was deaf, so he lifted up his hand and brushed the spider off. Hoff didn't aim quite high enough, and consequently, in his nervousness, he hit Collamore quite a severe blow; the old man turned around in a rage to see who had dared take such a liberty with him, and Hoff began to explain with gestures the cause of the occurrence. But Collamore, in a loud voice, demanded what he meant. It was very painful for Hoff. The eyes of the whole congregation were upon him, and he grew red in the face and in desperation exclaimed:

"There was a spider on your head."

"A white place on my head, hey? S'pose'n there is, what's that to you," said Collamore, "you'll know what it is to be bald-headed yourself some day."

"It was a spider," shrieked Hoff, while the congregation smiled and the perspiration began to roll off his face.

"Certainly it's wider," said Collamore, "and it's got more in it than yours. But you let it alone—do you mind? You let my head alone in church."

"Mr. Collamore," shrieked Hoff, "there was a bug on your head and I brushed it off, this way" and Hoff made another gesture at Collamore's head.

The old man thought he was going to fight him then and there, and hurling his hymn book at Hoff, he seized the kneeling stool on the floor of the pew and was about to bang Mr. Hoff, when the sexton interfered. An explanation was written on a fly-leaf of the hymn book, whereupon Mr. Collamore apologized in a boisterous voice and resumed his seat. Then the services proceeded. They think of asking Mr. Collamore to worship elsewhere.

—A patent medicine advertisement says "this article will cure rheumatism of 19 years standing." As far as it goes, this is perfectly satisfactory, but we want light upon another view of the matter. Suppose a man's rheumatism is only of three years standing, must he let it stand for sixteen years more before the medicine will cure it? Or if it has stood for twenty years, is there no hope of a remedy? We want to know about this. It is going to be very unpleasant for a man to endure rheumatism for seventeen or eighteen years before he can take medicine for it.

—We had quite an exciting time over at Chubb's the other day. His chimney would not draw, and he sent for a man to examine it. The man went out on the roof and tying a broom to a rope, dropped it down to see if the flue was clear. Meantime Chubb got inside the fireplace for the purpose of examining the flue below, and just as he did so the soft end of the broom touched his head two or three times, as the man jerked it up and down. Chubb sprang out into the room in a condition of frantic excitement. He was certain there was a wild animal of some kind in the chimney choking it up. He seized his gun and determined to kill it. So, holding the muzzle in the flue he pulled the trigger. While he was getting the gun, the man on the roof completed his investigations and sat down on top of the chimney to rest himself and enjoy the scenery. As soon as Chubb's gun went off, the man knew about it, and he did not wait for farther suggestions. He suddenly slid to the roof and from thence to the shed, where he rolled about in agony. He weighed one pound more when they took him home than he did when he came, and the doctors consider it doubtful if they can ever dig all the shot out of his flesh. The next man that comes to examine Chubb's chimney will probably have him locked up somewhere with his gun until the experiments are concluded.

—We see in one of the papers a paragraph from a Washington letter, which says that it costs the government two thousand dollars to bury a Congressman who dies at the capital. We should not have noticed the statement but for the fact that we have come across another statement to the following effect: "Recently an eccentric Englishman died and left fifty pounds in his will to a London gas company on condition that it should convert him into gas in one of its crucibles." Now, if it is really practicable to make gas out of an ordinary human being, imagine how enormous would be the quantity that could be made from an average Congressman, who is chiefly composed of gas! Therefore, instead of spending so much money for funerals, we insist that hereafter every defunct Congressman shall be turned over to the gas company to be worked up, and run through a meter and sold by the cubic foot. It would be an unusually exhilarating experience to read a newspaper by the light of a vaporized Congressman, and to turn that statesman out when we get into bed! There are a great many Congressmen who never will throw light on anything unless they are put through a crucible and emitted from a burner.

—Mr. Sledaker, of Burlington, came into the house the other day with his jaws firmly set together, and by groans and pantomime gave his wife to understand that he was unable to open them. Mrs. Sledaker instantly sent for a doctor, despite the evident unwillingness of her husband, and when the physician came and examined the patient, he said that Sledaker had lockjaw, and must instantly be put to bed and bled. Sledaker in dumb show protested against this, and when the doctor insisted upon it, he became infuriated and seized the poker for the purpose of defending himself. The doctor told Mrs. Sledaker that this was one of the paroxysms that always attended such cases. Sledaker's mind, he said, was slightly unsettled. Then the doctor went out and called in four able-bodied men, who put Sledaker in bed and tied him down with a clothes-line. The doctor then bled him and put mustard plasters on his neck and on the back of his head, and applied leeches to his jaws, while Sledaker lay there nearly purple with rage. Then the doctor tried to pry open the patient's jaws with a screw-driver and a hammer, and after breaking two or three front teeth, he succeeded. Then he put his fingers in Sledaker's mouth, for the purpose of ascertaining if any of the parts were swollen, and to his amazement he extracted a lump of shoemaker's wax. Sledaker's oldest boy had put it among his fine-cut tobacco, and thus had fixed his father's jaws together. Sledaker don't speak to the doctor now, and the doctor talks of suing him for the amount of his bill. But Sledaker's boy has lost all his interest in practical jokes now. He says he had no idea that it hurt so much to be flogged by a trunk strap.

EVENING TIME.

The old nest swings on the leafless tree,
The red sun sets in the west;
I think that like two brown birds are we,
Left last in the empty nest.

All the young ones are afar and away,
Each sings with his chosen mate;
Twilight is closing our lightsome day,
Though the crimson flush lasts late.

'Tis a trembling step comes down the path
You could erst so lightly tread;
Changed is our thought of the grave old earth
That is keeping in trust our dead.

O comely face! that I knew so fair;
Soft cheeks, that are sunken now;
I love the gray in your faded hair,
The lines on your thoughtful brow.

The past grows a book to understand,
The future has gifts to bring,
As I sit by the fire and hold your hand,
And finger the worn gold ring.

My own true wife, who is dearer now
For all that the years resign—
For the timid love, for the spoken vow,
For the home that was yours and mine;

For hopes we shared, and for tears we shed,
For comfort in days o'ercast;
For the trust we hold to meet our dead
When the shades of life are past.

Griefs that are over left us a gift,
They lit us a lamp of light;
Soon shall God's sunshine clear through the lift,
And there shall be no more night.

Close to my side, dear wife that I love,
With your thin hand fast in mine;
So will we wait for the light above,
Till the morning star shall shine.

THE GHOST OF NORMAN PARK; OR, Two Women Wronged.

BY MARY ATHERSTONE BIRD.

CHAPTER IX.

The damsel still slept when the housekeeper entered, but awoke readily when called and gently shaken, for the "soothing syrup" which had been administered to her was not very powerful.

"How is my lady now?" inquired the wily Mrs. Briggs.

"Oh, she's been sleeping delightful," was the prompt reply. "I don't think she has stirred once."

"That's well. But why have you let the fire go out?"

The fib was ready. "I was afraid to stir it, lest I should wake my lady."

"Were you afraid of making a noise if you lighted another candle? The smell of this one dying down in the socket must have been worse for her than a little noise, and it's been out a long time, too, for the candlestick is cold, and the smell is quite gone. I'm afraid you have been asleep for some hours."

"I asleep!" cried Mitford, indignantly. "I haven't closed my eyes! I was only tired of reading, and so I sat a few minutes thinking in the dark."

"Oh, indeed," said the housekeeper, dryly, "your thoughts must have been very pleasant to make you forget the time. Do you know it is past three o'clock?"

"Past three!" cried the girl, in accents of amazement that she could not disguise.

"Come now, you'd better confess that you've been to sleep."

"I won't own to no such a thing, Mrs. Briggs, and which it is a untruth to say it."

"Well, well, of course you know best," said Mrs. Brigge, with a little derisive laugh, "you had better go to bed; but first let us have a look at my lady. Why—how is this?" she cried, when she reached the bed, "where is she? oh, dear! Mitford, I say, where is my lady?"

The well-counterfeited astonishment and alarm of the housekeeper appeared not a whit less genuine than the natural emotions of the abigail, who saw at a glance that any disaster which might befall her mistress through her own want of vigilance, involved for her the loss of place, of perquisites and character at one fell swoop. She regretted having, on many occasions, given herself airs and ridiculed the old-fashioned dress and manners of Mrs. Briggs, who might otherwise have stood her friend in this emergency. As it was, this warm-hearted, but by no means perfect woman took pleasure in aggravating the consternation of the lady's maid, and thereby paying off a long score of "ancient grudges" that she bore her.

They took a hasty survey of the room, but of course found no Lady Norman. Then they ran together to the room where her father's corpse lay, and whither it seemed most likely she had gone. When this hope failed, Mitford, determined to prove the strength of her affliction by that of her voice, set up a succession of piercing screams which, seconded by moans and wailings from Mrs. Briggs, speedily aroused every one within hearing. First and foremost out rushed Dr. Waldron in dressing-gown and slippers, with his hair in wild disorder.

"Did I not tell you she must be watched?" he exclaimed, when the cause of the disturbance was made known to him; "did I not warn you that the fever might attack the brain?"

"Oh, sir! indeed I don't think I could have slept five minutes," sobbed Mitford, "do you think I did, Mrs. Briggs?"

"I'm sure I don't know," she replied, sharply; "all I know is that you were to have called me at one, and that when I came to you at three I found the fire out, and you fast asleep, and my lady gone, and her bed quite cold. That's all I can say about it."

"Where is Sir John?" inquired the doctor, "has he been informed of this?"

"I'll go and call him," said the housekeeper, advancing toward the door of his room. Her steps were arrested by another loud scream from Mitford, who had been looking down the large staircase into the gloomy hall below.

"Oh," she screamed, "there's somebody in the library. Ah, I saw somebody open the door! The ghost! The ghost!"

"Foolish girl! Be quiet!" exclaimed Dr. Waldron, "it is no doubt the poor lady herself. Come down—come down both of you."

He dashed down-stairs and flung open the library door, while his usually calm eyes flashed with a wild excitement. He knew whom he should find there, and expected to discover some tokens of roguery, and he was not disappointed. Not Guy Fawkes himself when surprised in the cellar with his matches and dark lantern, could have looked more guilty or more confounded than did Downey and his patron when they heard the screams that would inevitably arouse the whole house in a few minutes. But the lawyer's self-possession never left him long.

"If they come here," he said, shutting drawers, and trying to restore the room to some degree of order, "you must say that anxiety for your wife kept you from sleeping, so you called me up to keep you company. Or it will be more natural for you to go out and see what the row is about."

Acting on this, the baronet opened the door, but on hearing Mitford's scream, spoiled the good effect that his voluntary appearance might have produced, by starting back and hastily closing the door.

"What's to be done?" he whispered, shaking in every limb, "they've seen me!"

"And what if they have?" replied the lawyer, angrily; "you should have gone out boldly, like a man in his own house, to see what that row was about, instead of sneaking back like a housebreaker. What is it?"

"I think they were saying my wife was gone."

"There then, that'll do. Fall into this chair. You look white enough for a fainting fit. When they come in cry out about your wife. Come the afflicted husband rather strong, d'ye hear?"

He pushed Sir John into a chair, and had just uttered a cry for help when the door flew open.

"Call Dr. Waldron!" he cried, pretending not to see who it was that entered. "Oh, you are there yourself, doctor, that's right. Come to Sir John; he is taken very ill."

"No, no," said the baronet, languidly, "I am better, thank you. It was only a momentary shock. What were those terrific screams? Is my wife worse?"

"She has disappeared, while her maid slept on her watch. Have you not seen her?"

"No, no," faltered the baronet; "Downey and I have been sitting here, and heard nothing. I could not sleep of course, when she was so ill, and as I found my old friend reading here about one o'clock, I begged him to sit up with me. That is how we came to be here."

"Sir John Norman," said Dr. Waldron, speaking in so low a tone that it could not reach the ears of the servants who were now running in all directions, "you are master in your own house, I suppose, and need not account to any one for your conduct in it. Why do you think it necessary to make this explanation to me?"

"I thought—that is, it seemed to me," stammered the baronet, "that you, or—or any one else, might be apt to—to misconstrue—"

A nudge from Downey silenced him.

The doctor looked at them both with a contemptuous gaze, under which Sir John Norman quailed, and even the case-hardened lawyer felt uncomfortable.

"You may cease all anxiety upon that point," he said, quietly. "I shall misconstrue nothing that you say or do. We understand each other; at least, I understand you. Let that suffice."

He went away, leaving the two guilty wretches unable to utter a syllable. Sir John was almost annihilated with fear, and Downey revolved the matter well in his own crafty mind, without committing himself by a word.

A loud cry startled them.

"Oh! dear! dear! This is the way she's gone!" cried Mrs. Briggs. "Here's the little garden door open. Oh, dear! If she should have thrown herself into the river!"

"Send for men from the village! Call up the servants!" cried Sir John, really roused at last. "I must—I will have her found!"

He rushed to the alarm bell, and with his own hands rang such a peal that everybody in the neighborhood supposed nothing less than that the Hall was on fire, and all the men hastened to answer the summons.

In the confusion Dr. Waldron found it easy to escape to Mrs. Briggs's room, and thence to visit his patient.

"What is the meaning of that bell ringing so violently?" asked Miss Wentworth, anxiously, as soon as he appeared.

"Sir John rang it," he replied, "to summon assistance to seek for our patient here. Mrs. Briggs managed to make it appear that she had escaped from the house, so the search is to be continued out of doors. Has she slept all this time?"

"Yes: even that bell did not awake her."

"That is well. She must not be disturbed. Will you now," he continued, with some hesitation of manner, "have the kindness to tell me all you know of this dreadful affair? Mrs. Briggs has answered for my good faith, and I assure you I will not use your information in any way that is contrary to your wishes."

Miss Wentworth led the way into the sitting-room, where, seated by the cheerful fire, they could watch their patient through the open door. Here the thoughtful housekeeper had spread a small table with refreshments, including coffee and a bottle of brandy, concerning which article she had remarked that doctors were much changed since her day if they did not like a little something to make them comfortable. Dr. Waldron, however, declined the proffered cordial, and received a cup of the fragrant coffee which Miss Wentworth poured out for him, with a gratitude that expressed his sense of being quite undeserving of such kindness from her hands. He observed yet another concession. The lady was unveiled when he entered, and she was too free from affectation to cover her beautiful face again from his sight. So, likewise, she did not require a second solicitation to relate to him the particulars of Mr. Smedley's death, but began at once.

"I believe Mrs. Briggs told you that there is a secret, or, rather, a disused passage between these rooms and the library. This has been a favorite resort of mine, for besides enabling me to supply myself with books, at little risk of being seen, it has been a source of amusement in my very secluded life, to listen to the conversation going on in the room. You would acquit me of the charge of eavesdropping if you knew how delightful it was to hear people talk, even on the most indifferent subjects; and how the natural longing for society prompted me to go there even though I knew it was not strictly honorable. Two days ago I was there, when I heard Mr. Smedley talking to Sir John about making his will, and Sir John recommended him to employ a lawyer named Downey, who I knew, from various transactions that I had witnessed in that very room, was an unscrupulous scoundrel. He then left the old gentleman, who remained writing there for some hours. I knew that he did so, because I went repeatedly to get a book that I wanted. At length he went to bed,—it was past midnight,—and supposing I was then quite safe from interruption, I went boldly in, and was hunting among the shelves for what I wanted, when the handle of the door rattled. Instantly I closed my little lantern, and stepped behind a curtain. I cannot describe my terror when I saw that the new comer was Sir John Norman. However, I soon found I had nothing to fear if I remained perfectly still. He went at once to the drawer in which Mr. Smedley had locked his papers, and having opened it with, as I suppose, a duplicate key, he proceeded to examine its contents. It was easy to see, by his muttered oaths and impatient gestures, that these were by no means pleasing to him. When he had finished he went hastily away, and I am convinced that, even at that late hour, he paid a visit to Downey."

"May I ask what led you to that conclusion?"

"Sometimes I cannot sleep, and then it is my custom to walk about and tire myself. When the weather is fine, I go into the park or gardens, but that night was very stormy, and I roamed about the house. From a window I saw Sir John ride down the avenue, and it seemed to me that the horse he rode was my own mare, Gray Meg. I went to the stables, and found her stall empty. After that I was more restless than ever, watching for his return. He did not come back for three or four hours. I then visited my poor favorite, and found that the brute had ridden her almost to death. Do not think me very foolish, Dr. Waldron," she continued, burying her face in her handkerchief, after a vain effort to suppress her sobs; "poor Meg is the only creature that knows me and loves me, except the watch-dog and the cats, and it wounded me to the heart to see her so cruelly treated. She is growing rather old now, but she has had an easy life hitherto, thanks to Mrs. Brigge, who has inspired the grooms with the idea that the surest way to propitiate my ghost—for you must know I have been seen occasionally, and am always taken for an apparition of myself—is to be kind to my favorite."

"And how is poor Meg now?" inquired Dr. Waldron, with much interest.

"She is better; but I dare not go to her too frequently. I was seen there yesterday."

"I will visit her by and by, and report how she gets on."

"Oh, thank you!" exclaimed Miss Wentworth, her eyes filling with grateful tears. "This is very kind of you. I am quite ashamed of myself; I'm ready to cry at everything."

"Your nervous system has been sadly overtaxed by the events of the day," he said, soothingly.

"Oh, yes, that is it no doubt. And they have so multiplied upon me," she continued, pressing her hand upon her brow, "that my brain feels quite confused. First there was poor Meg's disaster; then old Briggs was admitted to a knowledge of my existence, and you would hardly believe what an important occurrence it seemed at the time actually to have another human being to speak to! And afterward—afterward—Oh, that I could forget what happened afterward!"

"Nevertheless, I should be greatly obliged if you could summon resolution to tell me what more you know of it. My own suspicions based upon pretty strong evidence, amount very nearly to a conviction of Sir John's guilt; but I habitually carry almost to a failing the Englishman's propensity to give every man the benefit of a doubt."

"There is no doubt," she replied, shuddering, "there can be no doubt. I saw the deed committed."

"You!" exclaimed Dr. Waldron, in amazement.

"I did, indeed."

"But how? Where? Mrs. Briggs said no word of this."

"She feared I might be compelled to appear as a witness if he were brought to trial."

"And you—you had no such fear," he said, in a voice that trembled with emotion; "you knew—you felt that you might trust me?"

"You have given me your promise," she replied; and the simple confidence of her tone and manner set his heart throbbing wildly.

"Will you defer any further revelations till a future time?" he asked, partly, it must be confessed, with a view to securing another interview; "your nerves are so overwrought, and the subject is so painful."

"No—I will tell you all now. I think I shall find some relief in getting it off my mind."

"You digressed into the history of Gray Meg," said the doctor, giving her the cue.

"Ah! yes! My poor Meg!" she repeated. "My suspicions were naturally aroused by all that I had seen, and when Downey came I was on the watch. It was very plain to me that he wanted Mr. Smedley to dispose of his property in such a way that Sir John would virtually have it under his own control. But the poor old man was too anxious for his daughter's welfare, and too clear-headed to fall into the snare. The will was made at last, Mrs. Briggs and her husband were called in to witness the signature, and then it was locked up in the same drawer of which I knew Sir John had another key. I supposed the matter would end there, and that the utmost evil they had planned was to make Mr. Smedley place his money in Sir John's power. But before I left my hiding-place, Sir John came in. From the conversation that ensued between him and Downey I learned that they still adhered to their project, only it was to be attained by different means. See here," she continued, fetching Mr. Smedley's will from a side table, "this upper sheet, on which the true will is written, was to be removed, and a forged one written on the lower sheet, which actually bears the signatures of the testator and witnesses. But before this was done, the poor old gentleman was to be murdered. How this was to be accomplished they did not say, which made it the more difficult to frustrate their attempt. Believing that danger would threaten him most during the night, we kept a constant guard over him. The next morning I sent Mrs. Briggs to bring him here, that I might tell him all, and so enable him to protect himself, but alas! it was too late! He had already set out for that fatal ride! Oh! why did not you come a few hours earlier?" she exclaimed, passionately clasping her hands together; "all this misery would have been averted."

"How?" asked Dr. Waldron, in a scarcely audible tone.

"Of course we should have taken you into our confidence at once," she replied, impatient at his apparent dullness of apprehension, "and you would have saved him."

"Would you really have trusted me, notwithstanding my former injustice toward you?"

"Why not? In such a case I should have no right to listen to my own private feelings of mortification or resentment, and, besides, Mrs. Briggs could have told you, and I need not have seen you at all."

"Humph," granted the doctor.

"I told Mrs. Briggs to prompt Lady Norman to send out messengers after her father, and I ventured out myself to one lonely spot which I thought it probable that they would pass. Oh! heavens! I went to the very scene of the murder! I heard them coming, and felt reassured, for they were talking cheerfully and laughing. I thought Sir John must have repented, and was laughing in his recovered serenity of heart. I was concealed from their view by that thick copse opposite the quarry, and saw the old man going cautiously down the rough, steep road. Quick as thought, Sir John rose in his stirrups and struck one blow—only one! The old man fell, stone dead. Oh! the horrible, dull, crashing sound of that blow! I wish I could forget it!"

"Time and more pleasant associations will do much to restore you," said the doctor, regarding her with looks full of commiseration; "you must endeavor to fix your thoughts upon other subjects. You have experienced so much excitement of an unpleasant character lately, that you should have change of scene as soon as possible."

She looked at him with a strange, unmirthful smile.

"I!" she said, "change of scene for me! That cannot be till Sir John Norman is dead, and even then I should fear to leave my seclusion. How could I earn my living? What name could I claim? What position could I hold? What friends have I to receive me? You are a charitable man, Dr. Waldron, and not predisposed to ascribe the worst motives to people's actions; and yet appearances were so strong against me that even you believed the false— But I forget," she added, checking herself, hastily, "I have resolved not to attempt to vindicate myself until I can prove my innocence. I fear much that the only evidence is destroyed, and without it my character must remain under suspicion. So you see it is impossible for me to go into the world."

"I see that you do not yet forgive me for suspending my judgment on that unfortunate occasion," he said, sadly.

"I have nothing to forgive. You could not control your opinion, and the evidence was all against me. I ought rather to thank you for not condemning me at once."

"You allow my opinion more weight than I should dare claim for it," said he; "it was very painful to be called upon to give it utterance, but when compelled to do so, I could not speak in defiance of all the evidence; though I must confess," he added, in a low, hurried tone, "that I felt strongly disposed to do so. When I saw your large, tearful eyes fixed so imploringly on my face, I felt that cool reason was fast giving way, and that pity, or some feeling akin to it, was usurping the rule instead. In fact, I thought it right to quit the house at once. It was some months before I heard that you disappeared, or as some said, had committed suicide. I could not believe that, and have always cherished the idea that I should meet you again. For seven years I trusted to the fates to bring this about, and at last, growing tired of dancing attendance upon the capricious dames, I came here in the hope of gaining some tidings of you. I had an idea that this good creature, Mrs. Briggs, might be able to furnish a clue, and probably would do so, now that the lapse of seven years had freed you from your husband, and Sir John had taken advantage of it to marry a second wife. But I little supposed you were still in this house, and you may imagine (if you can) my surprise and delight on seeing you."

"Will you take another cup of coffee?" asked Miss Wentworth, in a tone that sounded unnaturally steady, such an effort did she make to overcome its tendency to tremble.

"Thank you—thank you," he replied, looking rather confused, "and now—if you will forgive my recurring once more to this painful subject—will you tell me how you obtained possession of the whip that Mrs. Briggs showed me?"

"When I saw him strike the blow I shrieked, and tried to run to the old man's assistance, but my feet seemed rooted to the ground. Sir John dismounted, and turned the body over; and oh! how I dreaded lest he should strike a second blow. But he did not. He leaped on his horse and rode away. Then my feet seemed to be set free. I went to the body—Sir John had turned it over, so I could see the face. I had never looked on death before, but I felt sure that he was dead. I thought of the will, and took his keys from his pocket that I might take it away, and balk them of the reward of their wickedness. I don't know how I reached the house again. I seemed to fly. I did not care whether I were seen or not—all I thought of was securing the will. I was in the library when Sir John burst in, flung his whip under a table, and rushed out again, without seeing me. I brought away the whip, and forgot the will; but I secured that too, after some trouble. That is all, I think; and now that I have told you, I wish I could forget it."

Miss Wentworth uttered these words in a weary voice; she crossed her hands upon the table and laid her aching head upon them.

"You must have change of scene," said Dr. Waldron. "You will be ill if you remain here much longer."

"My greatest fear is lest I should become insane," she said, "and that is the only thing that will drive me into the world again, when Lady Norman no longer requires my help. Perhaps, when she knows all, she will believe that I was deceived by a false marriage, and give me her countenance."

"Whose countenance can you require?" asked the doctor, warmly. "Are you not yourself Lady Norman?"

"Nay—you cannot suppose I would assert a claim that must injure that poor girl? Think of all that she has suffered. Her kind old father murdered—her newly-wedded husband the vilest of criminals. Could I add to all these sorrows the stigma of shame? No, not even to avert the madness which I so much dread, would I heap another sorrow upon her young heart. I am accustomed to bear this burthen. I am blotted out from the world's memory. You may think my generosity is cheap, Dr. Waldron, because if I were to assert my right to be called Sir John Norman's rightful wife, I have no proof to support the claim."

Dr. Waldron bit his lip.

"You are severe," he said; "I may be too presumptuous in supposing that my opinion can be of any value to you; but, in justice to myself, I must say that I have not the slightest doubt that yours was a legal marriage. Seven years ago I knew not what to think. I had known Sir John at college, where he was a wild, extravagant fellow; but I could not believe him to be utterly without principle. If I had known him better, I would never have crossed his threshold. I soon regretted having done so, for some years of dissipation had rendered him coarse, while the same time spent in a studious profession had made me fastidious. But it was his conduct toward you that more particularly disgusted me. I felt a growing interest in your fate, and seeing his detestable design of giving you up to that scoundrel Dashwood, I felt it to be my duty, as an honest man, to put you on your guard. The deep emotion which I experienced during that interview warned me that it was desirable for my own sake to depart without loss of time."

"I think she is moving!" exclaimed Miss Wentworth, starting up, and going into the bed-room. The doctor followed, carrying a light.

"No," he said, "she is still asleep. Don't disturb her. Come—sit still and rest yourself," he added, taking her hand and gently leading her back to her seat by the fire. "You have had so much fatigue to-day that you require repose."

There was so much tenderness in his voice and manner that Miss Wentworth did not quite like it. Not that she felt any aversion to him—quite the contrary—but the pleasure she experienced in his society made her suspicious of herself, while the cruel lesson she had learned of man's perfidy rendered her equally mistrustful of him.

Half-reluctantly she suffered Dr. Waldron to lead her back to her place.

She had been sitting on an old-fashioned sofa, with a high back, low in the seat, deep, well-stuffed, and very comfortable. The doctor had occupied a chair on the other side of the table. Instead, however, of returning to his former place, he deliberately seated himself on the sofa, but not obtrusively close to the lady; and there he sat in silence, furtively watching his companion.

Miss Wentworth did not look toward him, but by the instinctive perception which most women possess under such circumstances, she knew that his eyes were upon her. Her long seclusion from society rendered this kind of scrutiny extremely embarrassing. She did not know how to escape from it, for she had lost the easy self-possession which enables a woman of the world to turn aside such marks of admiration without showing actual resentment, while his unobtrusive manner was not calculated to arouse any feeling of indignation. She pushed a log with her foot, wishing impatiently that she could push him away with as much ease, but immediately regretted the act when the flames leaped up, and threw a stronger light upon her own blushing face.

Then she averted her head, and seemed intent upon watching a cricket that sat in a warm nook, singing its merry song. But this was even worse, for she felt that he was looking at her then without restraint.

So she next took up a kitten that lay upon the hearth-rug with the happy mother cat, and gently caressed and played with the little fluffy thing. The prolonged silence oppressed her, but some spell seemed to bind her, and she could not break it. She hardly knew whether she felt relief or vexation when Dr. Waldron broke this silence, which had seemed to her so portentous, by saying in a quiet tone—

"Are you fond of those creatures?"

"They are the only things I have to love," she replied, looking up for the first time.

"You should have something better to love," he observed in a deep, solemn tone; and the silence returned again, seemingly more portentous than before, for in that one glance she had encountered his dark eyes glowing with an expression which, though earnest and thoughtful, sent the blood up into her temples and made her heart throb wildly.

He leaned forward, and began also to fondle the kitten, resting his right arm on the back of the sofa.

"It is a pretty little creature," he said; "but pretty as it is, with its ermine coat and its sky-blue eyes, is it possible that you can give it all the love that is within your heart?"

She did not answer him, but turned aside her face; and if he could have seen the expression of sorrow that settled upon it, he would have said no more in the same strain. But having no idea of the pain she suffered, he went on—

"In the seclusion to which you have so long condemned yourself, you must have spent much time in an ideal world, peopling your solitude with the forms and voices of those whom you had not met with in the world without. Did you ever, in such moods, recall one whose last act toward you was an apparent injustice? Did you ever suspect that this might have been committed through a mistrust of his own too partial feelings, which were urging him to the opposite extreme? If you could have known all that I suffered then, you would have pitied, rather than blamed me."

She hung down her head still lower, and he did not see the tears that dropped silently from her eyes.

"I would fain hope that you have sometimes thought of me, and thought of me, too, without resentment. More than that I dare hardly hope for yet. But you will not bid me utterly despair—will you, after my seven years of patient waiting? Miss Wentworth—Catherine, pray answer me, only one word. Good God! you are weeping! Come—shed those tears on my breast, and tell me what it is that grieves you."

"You forget," she said, shrinking from his touch—"or, worse than that, you do not believe, that I am married."

"Your union with Sir John Norman is annulled by your long separation and supposed death. You have not been heard of for seven years—and he has married again. You are no longer his wife."

"I believe that my long absence has set him free—but I am under no such delusion. I am as much bound as ever. And, even if it were not so—what a time is this to talk of love, or to seek for tenderness in eyes that have so lately looked on murder!"

Dr. Waldron started up, and paced the floor, muttering execrations upon himself.

"I am a brute to persecute you with my hateful suit, forgetful how your feelings have been harrowed. How could I expect you to be as callous as an old doctor like myself? But I fear we men are always selfish. Pardon me, if you can. I will not recur to the subject till you give me leave. A word, a look will be enough for me—for I shall be anxiously on the watch. Till then, I trust that your forgiveness for the past will be as complete as my silence shall be."

There was so much straight-forward honesty in his face and voice, and in the manner in which, completely mastering himself, he looked full and calmly in her face, that she half-regretted having repelled him so severely. He would have felt less dejected had he known that those few penitent words had won for him more kindness than the most ardent wooing could have obtained.

She started up, placed her hand frankly within his, and uttered the simple words "Thank you!" But the tone in which they were spoken and the look that accompanied them conveyed, to the capacious faith of love—

"Much more than words could tell."

He subdued the strong impulse to respond to what she unconsciously said with her eloquent eyes, for a moment pressed the hand which he held, bowed his acknowledgments, and true to his promise, remained silent.

Miss Wentworth's lips parted, as though she were about to speak; but she only blushed, and resumed her seat, as Dr. Waldron, with a lingering, yearning look at her and the place he had so lately occupied by her side, again bowed and withdrew.

Half an hour later, when Mrs. Briggs entered the room, she found Miss Wentworth asleep, with a sweet and happy smile playing round her mouth. So delightful, so refreshing, after the arid waste of existence in which she had dwelt so long, was the balmy dew that the assurance of being loved shed over her soul, that she was happy notwithstanding the tragedy she had so recently witnessed.

A week passed way. The inquest was held, and a verdict of accidental death was given. The coroner was a boon companion of Sir John's, whose small intellect was so beclouded by habitual drunkenness that it may be doubted whether he ever had a clear idea upon any subject. The enlightened and independent jury, for the most part as sapient as himself, acted implicitly on his suggestions; and though one stupid fellow—who was a temperate man, and spent his leisure in reading instead of drinking—took upon himself to ask a few awkward questions, he was speedily silenced by the rest, and being a timid and unassuming person, was reduced to a tacit acquiescence in the general opinion.

Sir John continued at the Park. Every day the search for his wife was renewed; and every evening, whether alone or in company with a chance visitor, he drowned the upbraidings or the terrors of his conscience in deep potations.

Dr. Waldron was still his guest in outward appearance. But he lived apart, seldom seeing and never speaking to his nominal host. Sir John longed to insult and eject him; but he knew that by some means the cool-headed doctor had obtained possession of his secret—that he held his life and fortune in his hand—and he did not dare to affront him.

Lady Norman was still dangerously ill, and Miss Wentworth, Dr. Waldron and Mrs. Briggs were unremitting in their care of her.

The two former had thus a neutral ground on which they could meet without embarrassment, and learn to love each other more and more. And thus, though engaged in the anxious duties entailed by attendance on a sick bed, the days passed by, for them, in tranquillity and happiness.

It was not so with Sir John. As the time approached for the funeral and the reading of the will, his trouble increased. Day and night did Downey prosecute his search for the missing document; but as it may well be supposed, all search proved vain. At length the worthy pair agreed to forge another will, the lawyer having, by a little practice, succeeded in imitating the signature of Mr. Smedley and the two witnesses so closely, that none but an expert could detect the fraud. By the terms of the real will—the draft of which the cunning lawyer copied as far as possible—the bulk of Mr. Smedley's property was left to his daughter for her sole use and disposal, and the provisions made in case she died before her husband, were not to the advantage of the latter. It was only the latter part that he altered. All the legacies were left, including one to Sir John, (but doubling the amount,) and a clause inserted that if Lady Norman died childless, the whole of the property should go to Sir John for the term of his natural life, and afterward revert to those distant relatives of the testator to whom he had actually bequeathed it as a matter of form, while little doubting that his blooming young daughter would become the mother of a numerous family to inherit it.

Sir John's greed had opposed this at first; but Downey convinced him that it would be highly impolitic to make it more distinctly in his favor.

"After all," observed the baronet, "I don't care a curse who has it afterward, so long as I have it while I live. I think it's all safe, for there can't be a doubt that she drowned herself. I am sorry she was so foolish, but it cannot be helped now; and as it makes this business more plausible, perhaps it is all for the best as it is. And then she'd have been forever talking about her father, and making me feel uncomfortable. Yes, after all, I'm glad she's gone. But, I say, Downey, what if she should come back again? I should be diddled out of the money after all by this fine will of yours! It won't do! you must make another."

"Do you know so little of your own rights as that comes to?" said Downey, with a sneer; "a married woman can possess nothing in this country. Let them tie up the principal as tight as they will, the moment the interest comes into her hand her husband can take it out. It's a mere farce—the whole law is a mere farce—that lawyers and husbands can well afford to be amused at. Keep to this will, my good sir; you could not better it."

This conversation took place on the evening before the funeral. Downey was anticipating a golden harvest, for besides the moderate per centage which Sir John had promised him, he looked forward to realizing a considerable profit by lending him money at usurious interest until Lady Norman's body being found, or the time required by law having expired, would enable him to take possession of her father's property.

They were about to adjourn to the dining-room when a servant entered with a letter for the baronet. It had just been brought, he said, by a stranger on horseback.

Sir John opened it nervously. Everything now seemed to portend some disaster, or to threaten exposure, but the contents of this brief note were equally alarming and unexpected.

"You are hereby warned," it said, "that another inquest may be demanded. One whom you have not seen for seven years was a witness of Mr. Smedley's death, and her evidence would bring the murderer to justice."

"It cannot be done," cried Sir John, tearing open, with the violence of a maniac, a secret drawer in his writing-desk. "A wife cannot give evidence against her husband! Here is her marriage certificate! They won't take her evidence! Ha! ha! ha! I have done them!"

"Softly, softly," interposed the lawyer, "don't talk so loud, you forget by acknowledging your first marriage, you annul the second, and thereby lose all chance of the property."

"D—n the property!" shouted the baronet, "what do I care for property when my life is at stake?"

"At least, take time to consider," urged the other. "Do nothing hastily. This may be merely an idle trick got up to frighten you."

"No, no," groaned Sir John, sinking into a chair, and resting his forehead upon his arms, outspread upon the table. "It is all true; I know it is. I almost feel the rope about my neck. I heard her scream! I know now what it meant, though I hardly heard it then. She saw me do it, and now if she can, she will hang me. But that will stop her game."

Downey examined the certificate, and laid it down upon the table.

"Yes," he said, "that will prevent her appearing against you, but the devil of it is that if this once gets noised abroad, other evidence will not be wanting. If you could induce her to come to a private interview by offering a high reward to the writer of this letter, you might manage to dispose of her in some way. But it requires reflection."

"Fetch me a bottle of brandy, Downey," said the baronet. "I can neither think nor act till I have had something to steady my nerves."

Downey willingly obeyed, for he knew that under the influence of drink his friend was much more manageable than when he was sober, and he dreaded lest any hasty act should annihilate his own prospect of gain.

No sooner was he gone than the door of the passage leading to the haunted rooms opened noiselessly, and Miss Wentworth appeared. A few light steps brought her to the table on which Sir John still rested his feverish head. She took the certificate without a sound, and had retreated and closed the door behind her, before the lawyer returned.

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 35.)

A WOMAN'S VOW.

BY MARY E. WOODSON.

CHAPTER XLIV.

ANOTHER SUITOR.

Karl Clare and his sister had left N——, but in the wake of their footsteps Douglas Stewart appeared as a visitor, of whose business no one who saw him could entertain a doubt.

"Templeton," he said with quivering lip, "you know what has brought me here. You are not devoid of feeling, as the world generally believes. I appeal to your friendship, if you have never known a tenderer passion. Lend me your sympathy in this. You have respect for me, I am sure, and will believe me when I tell you that I have never asked that of mortal man before; but, oh, Templeton, I love your ward—I love Miss Tressylian with all the strength of my manhood, and all other pursuits or ambitions seem light as air in comparison to the hope of winning her."

"You then wish to make her your wife?"

"With her consent it would be the crowning triumph of my life," replied the noble young man, earnestly.

"And you have your father's consent to lay such a proposition before me?" asked Templeton, calmly.

"Yes. But Templeton, my career is already shaped independently of all hereditary expectations. As a true son I should prefer his approbation, and I am proud to say I have it; but had he refused—when he could have no just cause for doing so—I should still have come to you, pleading nothing but my integrity of purpose and my love for her."

"And I should have said to you then as now," replied Templeton, feelingly, for the ingenuous frankness of the young man had moved even him, "that in all gentle, womanly refinements she is worthy of any position that could be offered her. Your father knows as much, perhaps more of Carroll Tressylian's antecedents than I. The mother of Miss Tressylian—and never did parent and child resemble each other more closely—was the daughter of a poor untitled gentleman—as the world would call him. I tell you this because it may be my duty to warn you that your peers of England and Scotland might consider your alliance with her an unequal one."

"I should scorn their interference," replied the young man, warmly. "You, sir, know that no man living is worthy of Miss Tressylian."

"I did not speak of her," returned Templeton, proudly. "I could not do that, you have seen what she is. And, should her heart be yours, I shall give her to you with the conviction that a more priceless boon was never bestowed upon man; but, I shall have the consolation of knowing, at the same time, that you are nearer worthy of her than any one I know. I saw her but a moment since under the lindens in the garden. You will find her there. Go and plead your own suit."

It was a rare thing indeed for Earle Templeton to bestow praise in express terms upon any living man. Douglas Stewart knew this, and wrung the other's hand in gratitude as he went out.

He came upon Angela rather suddenly, as she sat in pensive attitude on the steps of a summer-house with a volume of poems in her hand.

"Ah," she said, looking up with a vivid blush, "see how you frightened me! I thought it was only my guardian."

"Would to Heaven, Miss Tressylian," he cried, as he threw himself down at her side, "would to Heaven I could attribute your emotion to a gentler cause, in which fear was never to have a part. I am not your guardian now, but oh, let me hope to be that too some day, with the yet dearer and prouder title of a husband. I come to you from Mr. Templeton, and I bring to you his sympathy and his approbation of my suit. Sometimes I have dared to think that perhaps you might learn to regard me with favor; but of late, since my visit must have announced my purpose to you, I have begun to fancy that you shunned me. Dear Miss Tressylian—Angela—do not shrink from me. Every aspiration of my life is in the dust at your feet, but with your smile of approbation there is no difficulty that they would not surmount, no height that they shall not reach. Only tell me that when proud personal triumphs are added to the ancient name I bear, I may come back to claim you as my peerless reward."

"Hush! Oh, hush!" cried Angela, the startled look of pain still in her beautiful face. "I must not, cannot hear you. I have tried to show you I can never love you."

"Then you have given your heart to another!" exclaimed her lover, with fierce, passionate jealousy.

"No, as Heaven is my judge, no!" she responded hurriedly. "But, you must believe me once for all, I do not love any one, and I am sure I never shall. I have liked you, have enjoyed your company as an acquaintance; but the moment you speak of love I am filled with emotions of fear—of—of aversion—or I know not what. Every word but adds to my embarrassment and pain. Pray let me go in, and do not seek to renew this conversation, or I am sure I shall dislike you."

Douglas Stewart found Templeton in the midst of a diplomatic correspondence.

"Well?" exclaimed the latter, drawing a long breath, as he looked up.

"Only ill! bitter—everlasting ill!" cried the young man, as he threw himself in a chair and buried his face in his hands, while his whole frame shook convulsively. "Oh, Mr. Templeton, bear with me! You have seen me in defeat and in triumph before, but you never saw me like this. It is all over with me."

There was a single flash, as of fierce joy, in Earle Templeton's wonderful eyes, but it was gone in a moment, while a calm dignity, not unmixed perhaps with pity, was all that remained. By degrees he drew from the ardent young lover the details of his interview with his ward; and with his first unflinching words, Douglas Stewart lifted his head quickly.

"I do not see that you should despair."

The words were distinct and dispassionate; nor could the other, even in the first bitter disappointment of his tempestuous youth, have known half the pain their utterance had cost him, as he spoke.

"God bless you, sir, for those words; but if you could have seen her face, as I did when she left me, you too would know that I can have nothing to look for in the future.

"She tells you that she loves no one," said Templeton, resolutely; "and in that, as in all things else, she spoke the truth. But of the future, she could not know. As well might the beautiful flowers we see out there, think to blossom and flourish, without the warmth of the spring or the light of day, as for Angela Tressylian to live without love. You would be unwise to press her now, as she says, for her heart is as yet almost a sealed book. All you can do will be to wait and try your chances, which must be as fair as those of any other, at a later day."

And Douglas Stewart, consoled with the shadow of hope that he might yet cherish, left by the next train for his distant home.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE BETROTHAL, AND SENTENCE OF DEATH.

Again the summer had passed, and with the frosts of winter the councils of the nation summoned Earle Templeton once more to London.

The gayety of the season was at its climax, when Angela Tressylian again asserted that undisputed sovereignty in society, to which her beauty, wealth and accomplishments had previously exalted her. In proportion as her love of conquest grew less, did victory perch upon her banners and knights and nobles kneel in her train. Sometimes she might appear a shadow more thoughtful than of old—but her wit and humor were still supreme.

Day by day Templeton's passion had grown stronger, until life itself had again become the weariest of burdens; but he still struggled bravely on; and no one had fathomed his secret. To Angela he was still the tender, watchful guardian and brother—but no more. He had watched the development of her character with an eagerness that she had never dreamed of; but never yet had he admitted into his bosom one fixed hope of winning her in the end.

"Oh, God!" he would groan in the privacy of his own room, "this last madness is by far the worst of my life; and yet for her sake I am compelled to crush it from sight, and to wear a lying smile through every hour of the day."

And in truth, the smile was ever there—sometimes it might be haughty and sneering when called forth by others; but to her its tenderness rendered his face angelic with an almost holy beauty, because, though she had never guessed the motive, she read there the very perfection of unselfishness.

"Even if I were confident of winning her," he thought, "I have no right to speak. She might mistake gratitude for a tenderer feeling in her inexperience. I, who am old enough to be her father in truth, with every thought and feeling sullied by rough contact with the world, I, to aspire to her love! It would be worse than the dream of a madman! It would be betrayal of my trust; it would be dishonor! No, I must be silent still."

One evening he chanced to find her alone, and called to her as she arose and prepared to leave the room.

"Angela, may I claim a moment of your precious time? I have been seeking an interview with you for the past week."

She turned back and stood at his side, while she tenderly lifted his hand and pressed it to her lips.

"Dear guardian, all my time is at your command. You had but to send me a message through Juliette. You do everything for me; yet you seem to think that you have even no claim upon my gratitude."

"I have none, Angela. I am but imperfectly discharging a duty."

"Ah! you do not know how happy I have been. Only—only it pains me to think that I can never repay you."

"You may—you will," he answered, "if you can assure me that you are happy. My child, I would shield you from the slightest sorrow with my life if I could; yet sometimes, of late especially, I have fancied you less gay. You are hiding no secret from me?"

She looked up at him with a pained, bewildered expression.

"A secret from you! Ah, Mr. Templeton, how could you think me so mean—so unthankful—"

"I do not! Heaven is my judge I do not," he answered. "But, Angela, as a young and beautiful woman you might feel shy of a stern old worldling like myself. You told Douglas Stewart six months ago that you had never loved. His devotion for you has been tested since then, and, my child, as a brother, as one who has seen more of the hollowness and falsehood of the world than he trusts you can ever dream of, I must tell you that woman has seldom won as true and loyal a heart as that which Douglas Stewart truly lays at your feet. He has wealth and position that half the women in London will envy you, and he is young, handsome and talented. Is there nothing in your heart that can plead for him more than when he urged his own suit six months ago?"

"Did he bid you ask me this?"

"Yes, and no. He only prays that you will grant him another opportunity to ask it in person."

"Then tell him from me," she responded, with downcast eyes; "tell him I only beg that he will spare me the pain of that hour for all future time. If he imagined me doubting and uncertain then, there is room for neither now. If he thought me wavering in the assertion that I could never love him, then tell him I repeat it with emphasis now."

He stood in his great strength beside her—his arm around her slender waist—her head bowed toward his shoulder.

"Is that because you love another, Angela?"

He felt her shiver as with an ague.

"Are you so anxious to get rid of me, guardian?"

"Child, the hour in which I was called on to renounce all claim which I may have upon you, would be the most miserable of my life, and in my youth I imagined that age could bring no bitterness which I had not already known; yet I would bid it come to-morrow if I could feel assured that you would be happier."

"If it is my happiness that you would consult, never urge me to such a step," she cried, looking up. "I never wish to leave you, guardian. Let me stay with you always."

Oh, God! how he longed to clasp her to his breast, and with a thousand tender, passionate protestations of love swear that not the sword of death, nor the oblivion of the grave should ever tear her from him! Yet he resolutely shielded himself, and spoke to her still with the deliberateness of reason.

"You have then decided, Angela?"

"Yes, for all time. I shall never marry until you tire of me, and then—"

"Then what, silly child?"

"I should pray for death instead."

"Well, there is the dressing-bell, and I will release you now."

His head was erect, and his step measured as he passed out from her presence; but alone in his own room, his strength gave way, the head sank upon his bosom, and great sobs heaved his chest, shaking all his frame.

"I dare not, dare not speak; and yet, oh, God, if such ineffable glory could come to me in the evening of my life!"

For the next few weeks Miss Tressylian saw even less of him than before. He was involved in some great parliamentary debate, he pleaded in excuse, and she shrank from disturbing him at all times.

The year before, she had again met that mysterious individual, Mrs. Chelsea, who lived at a retired but elegant home in London, and somehow Angela had felt drawn toward her in spite of a nameless revulsion that sometimes shocked and awed her. She felt persuaded that Mrs. Chelsea's mind was impaired, and the frequent dark gloom that came over the latter's spirits appealed to her tender sympathies. Perhaps the great attraction was that Mrs. Chelsea, whose health too seemed rapidly declining, would often talk to her with almost passionate eagerness of Earle Templeton.

"And you find him tender and considerate, with a heart in his bosom?" she would ask half fiercely.

"The greatest I have ever known," Angela would make answer, though trembling with a nameless dread. "You do not, you cannot know how kind he has been to me, or you would bid me love him."

"I do, I do," muttered Mrs. Chelsea "Love him, you ought to love him." And she would tell her the story of the beautiful and noble Spanish lady to whom Earle Templeton had given his heart years before, and who had died of grief in her early youth, because her family had rejected as a suitor the man who had not then won the proud distinctions that had since been bestowed upon him.

She told her too all the circumstances of that fatal duel with the dead woman's brother, in which Templeton had avenged a brutal insult to himself, and of the wretched remorse of the latter, with his painful wanderings for years, until Angela wept with a great sorrow and pity.

And when the latter had returned home silent and depressed, with a world of sadness in her beautiful eyes, Mrs. Chelsea would hug herself as she coughed a hackneyed, consumptive cough, and mutter, with a gleam of insane joy—

"She loves him! she loves him! And sooner or later he must find it out!"

Earle Templeton too was tossed upon a sea of contending emotions. Angela was to leave in a few days for the Isle of Man, and would be absent several weeks at the celebrations of the marriage of her friend Miss Clare. And Templeton's proud heart was wrung with torture, that he could not lay it in the dust every day before her, to be walked over, and if she would, to be trampled in the dust by her. Those mysterious epistles too came still to crucify him with their suggestions of hope that he would, he must put down.

One evening, the last of these came to him, and as he read, his whole being was convulsed with emotion.

"Madman," it said, "do you not see now, that Angela Tressylian refuses all others because it is you that she loves? Will you pretend to have all the tenderness for her that you daily manifest, and yet no love! Why should you close your heart to a fonder tie than that of brother or guardian! She can not love in vain and live. The example of Nina Alvarez should tell you that such natures can not. Men call you in the world cold and heartless, but she pleads for you that a cold nature could never have been as tender to her as you have. You must—aye, try to hide it as you will, Earle Templeton—you do love her. What secret sin can there be upon your soul, that you may not tell her of it, and take her to your bosom as your wife? You dare not, by the memory of her mother, give her young life over to the misery that must be hers when she awakes to the full consciousness of her almost religious worship of you, for hearts like hers can never love twice."

"Ah," he cried in his agony, "my hands may be red with the blood of others," "but ought I to take hers also? May Heaven direct me, or I shall go mad."

Yet that night, in the saloon of Lady Melbourne, he was the cold and polished courtier, dealing out bon mots to the most casual acquaintance, as though he had never dreamed of such bitter things as pain and sorrow in all his prosperous career.

At the close of the evening Lady Melbourne drew him into one of the reception rooms that chanced to be vacated.

"And so, Mr. Templeton, your ward leaves us to-morrow?"

"Yes, your ladyship. I shall put her under the charge of the Honorable Mr. Hazeldean bound for the Isle of Man, to-morrow."

"Mr. Templeton," cried her ladyship, "you are an enigma. I cannot make you out for my life."

"I fear I do not understand you, Lady Melbourne."

"Not understand me! I am sure it is as plain as day. Miss Tressylian loves you, sir, as she will never love any other man in this world, and half of the time, I am ready to stake my existence, that you worship her in return. Why don't you tell her so?"

"Lady Melbourne," said Templeton, coldly, "you astonish me. I—"

"I cannot help it if I do," cried her ladyship, lightly; "but there is Lord Melbourne nodding me away. All the men are jealous of you, Mr. Templeton, and all the women of Miss Tressylian. You had better secure her before you leave, or that handsome young Clare may teach you that delays are always dangerous," and her ladyship hurried away and left him alone.

Templeton strode forth, that the chill night air might cool the fever of his brain. For half an hour he walked to and fro like a madman, but at the end of that time his step grew composed and his countenance serene, and he passed into his own house.

"Carlos, do you know if Miss Tressylian has retired?"

"She has but this moment passed in at the door of the library."

Templeton turned his steps thither and met her in ball costume, coming out.

"Ah," she said, "I had gone to look for you a moment. I wished to bid you good-night, and beg you not to allow yourself to be disturbed in the morning. It will be so early, and Mr. Hazeldean will call for me here."

He did not reply; he took her hand and led her back into the room.

"Angela," he said, and his voice was husky now, as it had never been in other years, "you must leave with my kiss fresh upon your lips, or you will consign me to a living death. You have refused other loves, will you do the same by mine? Come to my arms as to those of a promised husband, or we must part to-night, never to meet again in this world."

He looked down at her with a world of pleading in the classic face, that had all the tenderness of a woman's now, and stretched out his arms beseechingly for her.

She had looked up, too, like a startled fawn. A soft, tremulous light flashed over her varying countenance, an irradiation that staggered her seemed to be about them; and as her glance met his, he drew her to him, never more to doubt but that her whole heart had been given like wax into his hands until it should cease to beat.

CHAPTER XLVI.

RISEN FROM THE DEAD.

And Earle Templeton had parted from his beloved; but he felt that his life would henceforth be one glorious beatitude, and the kiss at parting for the next few weeks had been one of peaceful, tender benediction. When she came back it would be to Lady Melbourne's house, until he could take her thence as queen of his soul—his radiant, peerless wife—nevermore to part in this world, nevermore. He was proudly, imperiously happy, and he longed to be out of London in the greater quietude of his beautiful home at N——, which her presence had hallowed forever, that his unseen joy might walk with him under the whispering lime trees of the gardens until she should be there in person.

He had briefly acquainted Lady Melbourne with the results of her suggestion, upon which she had acted; and after that he could not bear to speak with any one even upon matters of common interest. He shunned both friends and rivals, sat dreamily in the House while animated debates were going on around him, and at the earliest moment hastened down to N——.

The snow was rapidly covering the earth again on the evening he reached home, but that mattered little to him now, it could not chill the heart that was beating so tumultuously in his bosom or dampen the ardor of his hopes. She had told him of her love in words and looks that never could be feigned, and the devils themselves, he thought, could not be mean, and should not be powerful enough to tear her from him.

Architects and upholsterers were busy in the house effecting changes, which some childish whims of hers had suggested on her first return from school, and which she had never thought of since, and never would have done again. The servants too began to marvel at all these sudden works going on, and above all at the new, strange, softened light in their master's face which made him look ten years younger, though for the matter of that he had always been accounted the handsomest man in N——, but they discreetly held their peace.

And Earle Templeton was happiest when the hammerings and confusion of the day were done, and he could sit alone in his library dreaming of the times he had seen her here in her innocent young beauty. He never read now—yet he seemed always deeply preoccupied in thought.

Sitting thus before his fire one chilly evening while the snow still fell without, he turned with something of his old haughtiness as Carlos looked in.

"Well, what is it? I am tired of being interrupted."

"A man to see you, sir. I told him you were busy, and that he could not come in, but he would listen to nothing."

"You can use your hands still, sirrah! Put him out."

But by this time, a strange figure, that of a man past middle age as he could see, for the hair was white, and the cheeks hollow, had pushed by the servant, and now stood before him.

"Earle Templeton, it was not thus that you would have received me in the years that are gone. Am I less welcome now?"

The voice aroused Templeton in spite of himself, he looked up inquisitively, in the gathering gloom.

"There is something that appeals to my memory in the sound of your voice, and yet I do not know you. Will you favor me with your name?"

"Order your servant to bring lights."

Half mechanically, Templeton rang the bell at his elbow. A strange, shivering sensation had crept over him.

"I come back, Templeton, to find your name in the months of all. You have won great renown. You have prospered in all things. This has given my heart great joy."

"I thank you," answered Earle, in a broken voice. "Yes, I have prospered beyond the most sanguine expectations of those who have called themselves my friends. But you speak as though you had known me in my youth. I must have met you in the years that I was wandering abroad. Will you kindly suggest where?"

Carlos had returned with lights, and placed them on the table by which Templeton was sitting. The old man arose, and stood before him. "You do not know me now?"

"No."

"Ah! I cannot wonder at it!" replied the stranger, sadly. "Eighteen years of such a life as mine has been, would change the hardiest child into an old man. Yet I had hoped, Earle—since those to whom I might have turned even more fondly for sympathy, are dead—that there would be something in your breast to which I could appeal, though the lines of my face should have altered to strangers. Yet even you can recall nothing."

"No," replied Templeton. "The sound of your voice—a nameless something in your eyes as you look at me, touches upon the holiest feelings of my heart to-day, for they awaken such recollections of the generous protector of my boyhood, the noble friend and adviser of my young manhood, that I am almost tempted to think the grave has given up its dead, and that Carroll Tressylian—"

"Ah, thank God! thank God!" cried the old man, "he does remember. Earle, the dead has come back to you! It is I. The breath still animated my wretched body in all these years, while life was a curse from which my only prayer was to be relieved! I am Carroll Tressylian still in the flesh."

"No! no!" cried Templeton, his face blanched and his whole frame quivering. "This is some cheat of my imagination! Carroll Tressylian was cruelly and surely murdered."

"And again no!" answered the other. "Believe me, Earle. Look at me, and you cannot doubt. It was a case of kidnapping, and not of murder. I was borne away in chains to the end of civilization; but as I have told you, life was spared. Have you no welcome still?"

Earle Templeton had risen to his feet, and stretching out his strong arms, clasped the old man to his breast.

"God knows," he said, "if my whole soul did not go out to welcome you, I should not deserve the countenance of Heaven. Doubly dear to my heart, friend, father—our efforts shall be singly for the promotion of your happiness in all the future."

"You guess, then!" cried Carroll Tressylian, excitedly. "I am indeed still remembered of Heaven, since you are spared. But they tell me, Earle, that I have a daughter also spared; that my wife left her child in your charge when she died. Where is she? I long to fold her in my arms—to see if she resembles the mother for whom the past years would have been as nothing, could to-day have restored me to her."

"Yes," answered Templeton, proudly. "Your daughter is a blended image of yourself and her. She is all that you could wish her—amiable, lovely, accomplished. I cannot speak of her. She is absent on a visit to a friend, but we will go to her at once; and, Mr. Tressylian, when I make known to her a father, she will tell you that with your blessing I am to be your son, for, God bless her, she has promised to be my wife."

"Your wife!" cried Carroll Tressylian, starting back in horror. "My God, Earle, did you not call me 'father' already, a moment since? Did you never guess? Oh, Heaven! what secret crimes have I ever committed, that I should be thus cursed? Boy, you are my son, and the woman you speak of as your promised wife is your sister!"

There was a shuddering horror in Carroll Tressylian's face, but it was as nothing to the fearful death-agony that shook Earle Templeton's frame. He stretched out his hands appealingly, as though to ward off some crushing blow, and fell senseless across the floor.

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 16.)

Plan for the Centennial Buildings—Preparations for Work.

The preliminary studies for the temporary buildings of the United States Centennial Commission, to be erected in Fairmount Park, under the direction of Vaux & Radford, of New York, (architects), for the Exhibition of 1876 have been finally approved by the Director General, A. T. Goshorn, of Ohio. They had previously been approved by the Executive Committee, which met at Willard's Hotel in Washington last week. The architects will at once prepare the working drawings and specifications, and proposals and bids will be advertised for.

It is believed that by the 9th of February everything will be complete, and inside of sixty days the preparations for work on the buildings will be ready. Thirty days of the above-mentioned time will be needed for the reception of the bids and proposals. In the description appended the towers and some of the vistas provided for in the original plan have been stricken out by the Director General as not necessary and only adding to the expense of construction without adding anything to the space inside the buildings.

The Main Pavilion, or Temporary Exhibition Building, is designed as a parallelogram in plan, having the following dimensions, viz.:

Inside length at floor level between the fronts of the galleries,	1,669 ft.	0 in.
Inside breadth at same place,	705 "	6 "
Outside length at floor level,	1,776 "	0 "
Outside breadth at floor level,	812 "	6 "
Length over all, including carriage porches,	1,876 "	0 "
Area of floor for exhibition purposes, (including courts, which cover about one acre.)	20 acres.	
Area of galleries,	3 "	
Area of offices, restaurants, &c.,	1½ "	
Total available area,	30½ acres.	

The building is composed of seven pavilions in length and three in breadth, making twenty-one in all, each pavilion being a square of 240 feet 10 inches on the side.

The corners of the squares are cut off, so as to form octagonal open courts of 67 feet 6 inches in diameter, of which there will be 12 complete octagons in the interior of the buildings, and 20 semi-octagons on the exterior.

The pavilions are covered with curved roofs, supported on arched ribs or trusses springing from the ground line, at the angles and faces of the octagons.

The span of the ribs, which run diagonally across the square of the pavilion, is 205 feet 4 inches. These ribs intersect in pairs at the summit of the arch, and thus support each other against lateral forces.

The span of the ribs, which runs square with the pavilion, is 173 feet 4 inches.

Another set of ribs are placed between the square and diagonal ones, making 12 ribs in all to form a pavilion.

The five central pavilions are open on all four sides to the pavilions adjoining them.

The outer rows are open on three sides to the adjoining ones, and closed on the fourth with a gable front, which forms the exterior wall of the building.

The height to the apex of the ceiling, except under certain of the pavilions, is 137 feet 8 inches, and to the ridge of the roof 164 feet.

The height of the ridge of roof of ordinary gables is 178 feet.

The galleries do not interfere with the floor space, but are arranged in the recesses formed by the projections of the gables, and communicate by stairs with the floor level.

Their dimensions are 173 feet 4 inches long, and 50 feet wide.

The space under the galleries is arranged as offices for the various national administrations, restaurants, dressing and retiring rooms for ladies and gentlemen.

A two-storied arcade connects the projections of the gables, and is open throughout on the ground floor, forming an uninterrupted covered way and means of communication round the building.

The upper story connects the different galleries in a similar manner.

The principal entrance will be at the eastern end or that nearest the city, which will be provided with a carriage porch.

A carriage porch is also attached to the Elm avenue front for street cars, and a garden entrance at the west end.

A temporary railroad station will be located at the junction of Elm and Belmont avenues, and a covered approach, with a bridge over Elm avenue, will afford access to the building at the western end for visitors arriving by railroad.

The Main Pavilion and the Permanent Memorial Building will be connected by a handsome covered way, arranged for special exhibits, stained glass, statuary, &c.

The sides of the octagonal courts between the ribs or trusses will be glazed to a height of fifty-three feet, and will have ornamental heads and decorations of galvanized iron.

The gables and fronts will be glazed to the full height of the ceiling, and the skylights provided in the roof, so that ample light will be secured, with provision for toning down and preventing the direct rays of the sun from penetrating the building. The ribs or trusses will be constructed of timber, framed up and put together in the most scientific and practical manner, of dimensions proportioned to the various strains upon them; the principal portion of the trusses being composed of 3-inch planks of ordinary lengths, bound together and secured by iron bolts, &c., so that they can be taken apart hereafter and disposed of as marketable lumber. The ribs will be stiffened by five lines of diagonally trussed purlins and a ridge truss, thus connecting and tying together the whole into one firm and immovable structure. Joists span the intervals between the ribs to carry the corrugated galvanized iron which forms the covering of the roof.

The ribs will be enclosed and lined up with ornamental galvanized iron to a height of 60 feet from the floor line, for decoration, and as a protection against fire.

The foundations for the ribs will be composed of piles, sills, and planking—no masonry being required—thus enabling the work of construction to proceed at any season.

The flooring will consist of piles, sills and planking. The galleries, restaurants, offices, gables, fronts, &c., will be constructed of timber, with galvanized iron casings, mouldings and ornaments.

Small balconies, or galleries of observation, will be provided in four faces of the octagonal courts, with stairs in the spaces between the ribs. The interiors of the open or garden courts will be furnished with seats, fountains, flower-beds, shrubs, &c., and so form agreeable and ready means of escape from the noise and bustle of the Exhibition. These courts will also be important elements in the design, as connected with the ventilation, as well as the drainage of the building; all the water from the roofs being discharged into them, and conveyed thence by drains and sewers.

A complete system of water supply, with ample provision of fire-cocks, &c., will be provided for protection from fire and for sanitary purposes.

The interior of the building will be lined with suitable decorative material, colored, and finished to appropriate designs.

The space between this lining and the galvanized iron covering being 11 feet, will act as a non-conductor, and assist in keeping the building cool during the hot summer months, means for ventilation being provided in the upper part of the roof.

The articles for exhibition will be divided into departments of classification, arranged in parallel and continuous belts or zones surrounding a central aisle of 60 feet in width, and divided in pairs by aisles of 16 feet in width, with transverse aisles of 30 feet and 16 feet in width.

The space allotted to each exhibiting nation will be a segment or portion of each belt or zone extending from the central aisle to the side of the building.

This plan is similar to that of the Paris Exposition of 1867, but arranged in the form of a parallelogram, instead of an ellipse.

Three lines of railroad track will be laid down within the building, so that goods can be delivered directly on to the required space for exhibition, so avoiding all carting or delay.

From the foregoing description it will be seen that the building, although composed of twenty-one separate pavilions, practically forms one vast hall, 1669 feet long, 705 feet broad and 137 feet high, the courts merely acting as the columns which support an ordinary ceiling.

Magnificent vistas are thus secured in all directions, and an area of 17½ acres is visible from a central point.

THE WORLD FAMOUS SIAMESE TWINS, after living sixty-three years in their strange conjunction, two men who were but one in the flesh, have at length passed away. The curiosity, both popular and scientific, which their case has attracted among the scientists of both continents, will be revived by their death. For many years past, with brief exceptions, they have lived in retirement in a village near Salisbury, North Carolina, where both had married, and both had families. Last autumn Chang became partially paralysed, and his misfortune made him fretful, so that he became gradually more and more debilitated, until a short time ago, when he became so seriously ill that both had to be put to bed. Their families, however, had no fear of the result until the night of January 16th, when Chang became much worse, and at four o'clock the next morning, suddenly expired. Eng, who had not been affected previously, so far as outward appearances demonstrated, as soon as he realized the fact that he was indissolubly bound to a corpse, was so severely shocked that he raved wildly, and not long after fell into a deadly stupor, during which he too expired, having lived, as nearly as could be ascertained, about two hours longer than his brother. This renowned couple were natives of Siam, where they were born in 1811. Their mother had seventeen children—there being seven pairs of twins and one set of triplets. Chang and Eng, however, were the only two who were united, the band of flesh or muscle that joined them being about four inches broad and two inches thick. They were brought to the United States for exhibition in 1829. They gained a considerable sum of money, which they invested in part in a farm in North Carolina. A post mortem examination of their bodies, together with the band of flesh which joined them together, will now probably solve all the conjectures which formerly exercised the medical, surgical and scientific world, as to whether the part that joined them was so connected with vital organs, that the cutting of them apart would have been harmless or fatal.

☞ Encores take a novel form in Dublin. Three or four hundred citizens recently followed a popular singer to the Shelburne Hotel, where she was staying, and demanded that she should repeat, on the balcony, the airs which had so captivated them during the performance at the opera-house. The artist refused to do so; whereupon the people smashed the hotel windows with paving stones, and caused $300 worth of damages.

☞ Mrs. Partington now says, "You shouldn't be gluttinous, Isaac," as, with an anxious expression, she remarked the strong, convulsive effort that young gent was making to bolt the last quarter of a mince-pie—"you shouldn't be so gluttinous, dear. You must be very careful, or you will get something in your elementary canal or sarcophagus one of these days that will kill you, Isaac."

☞ A Paris physician relates the particulars of a curious case he has under his charge. It is that of a young girl, eighteen years of age, who is afflicted with what is termed nyctalopia, that is to say, she loses the faculty of sight in daylight and recovers it in darkness. Although her eyes do not present any special morbid character, she is forced to keep her eyelids closed during the day, and to cover her head with a thick veil. On the other hand, when the shutters of a room are hermetically fastened, she reads and writes perfectly in the deepest darkness. She feels no pain beyond a slight lassitude when the solar light strikes her visual organs.

HORRID MISS LEIGH.

Tom Luttrell, aged twenty-four, was a thoroughly good fellow—good tempered, good-looking, and heir to a good property, but he had one sorrow; he was engaged to a girl he had never seen.

Some ten years before a dispute had arisen about a certain Hillingdon estate in Leicestershire, to which Mr. Luttrell—Tom's father—and a certain Carnworth Leigh both laid claim. Litigation seemed inevitable, and the legal fraternity began to prick up its ears, when one morning Mr. Luttrell received the following note:—

"DEAR LUTTRELL:—You and I have been good friends all our lives—and there is no man living for whom I have a greater esteem than for yourself. Cannot we, then, settle this wretched business without troubling these infernal lawyers? My uncle, Haughton Leigh, had a suit that lasted him twenty years, and killed him in the end. Now listen to me; my daughter Nellie will have all I've got at my death, except Barfield, which goes to Jack's boy. Why shouldn't she marry your boy Tom? Let the property alone for the next ten years; then Nellie will be eighteen, and Tom four-and-twenty; if they like to marry then, well and good; if either should decline to carry out the arrangement, let the property go to the other. This is a rough idea of my plan, which Jackson, your lawyer, could soon put into shape. What do you say?

"Yours, &c.,

"CARNWORTH LEIGH, Barfield."

To this proposition Mr. Luttrell agreed, and Tom found himself an engaged man at fourteen. Soon after this Mr. Leigh was obliged to leave England for his health, and for many years he resided entirely on the continent. So it happened that Tom and his future bride had never met.

About a month before the time fixed for his decision, Tom betook himself to a small inn in the village of Settlebourne, near Stockford, nominally to fish, but in reality to escape from his father's arguments and to get a little time to himself for quiet reflection, while he solaced his wretched soul with tobacco.

One day, as he lay lazily smoking by the silver Beck, something fell from a high bank above him and dropped lightly on the water, while a girl's voice exclaimed—

"Oh, my gracious—my hat!"

Tom looked, and saw a very neat little hat floating, boat-like, down the stream.

"Bother the young woman!" he grumbled; "I suppose now she'll expect me to fetch it."

As he rose he looked up to the spot from which the voice had proceeded, and saw a girl whose beauty surprised him. She stood bareheaded on the bank, gazing with a look of comic dismay after the fast-receding hat, and Tom had an opportunity of examining critically, from the little head, with its crisp brown hair, disordered by the wind, to the slim ankles which her position revealed as she stood above him.

Running some yards down the bank, he stepped out upon an old willow, which protruded over the stream, and waited in the hope that the current would bring the hat within his reach. He was not disappointed, and in a few minutes more he was again on terra-firma with his prize.

"I must make friends with this young person," he thought, as he carefully dried the dripping feather with his handkerchief.

The fair stranger had watched his efforts from her elevated post, and smiled sweetly on him as he climbed the bank with his recovered treasure. She had evidently been sketching, for her materials were scattered in picturesque confusion around her.

"I hope it's not much damaged," said Tom, as he looked rather ruefully at the result of his manipulations. "I'm afraid the feather's in a bad way."

"Oh, it doesn't matter in the least—thanks. How kind of you to take so much trouble. But for you, I must have walked home bareheaded."

"I wouldn't put it on just yet," Tom said. "Let it lie in the sun a little and dry, while you go on with your work."

"But suppose it starts off again, when there's no one to recover it for me?" she suggested.

"Let me guard it, then, and you can work in peace. You are sketching, I see; may I look?"

"Oh, yes; but it's a miserable failure, I'm afraid," she said, laughing, as she handed it to him. Tom examined it, and, being a bit of an amateur himself, proceeded to criticize, and finally to instruct. He found the girl very charming; she seemed so delightfully free from all conventionality, without at all resembling his bête noir, the "fast girl."

They grew quite confidential as the lesson proceeded, and were amazed when, on consulting watches, they discovered that it was half-past six.

"I must fly," she said, "or I shall be late for dinner, and Sir John can't stand that."

"Have you far to go?" asked Tom, craftily.

"About a mile. I'm staying at Newlands. Good-bye. No, I can carry them, thanks. I couldn't think of troubling you any more. Good bye," and she was off.

Tom went to his room, thinking a great deal about his new friend, wondering where the charm lay which, even more than her beauty, had fascinated him. "Perhaps it's her dress," he thought; "she dresses better than any woman I ever saw, and then her boots!" Here he lit a cigar and fell into a dream about the said boots and about the little white hand which had worked so industriously and confidingly under the direction of his big brown paw. All the next day he wandered by the river, but she came not. That evening he was restless and ill-tempered with his hostess and every one who approached him.

The day after he was more fortunate. She was sitting in the old spot, and greeted him smilingly.

"You're just in time," she said. "Look at my tree; isn't it like those bright-green cauliflowers you see in the pickle bottles?"

Tom sat down and set to work on the refractory tree, while she watched him.

"I say," said she, at last, "isn't this dreadfully improper?"

"Which?" asked Tom, working away vigorously.

"Why, you and me," she replied, ungrammatically. "We've never been introduced, and I don't in the least know who you are or anything about you. Lady Turnbull would have a fit if she knew it."

"Let me introduce myself," said Tom, laughing. "My name is Luttrell—Tom Luttrell; or, if you prefer it, Thomas Curson Alvanley Luttrell."

If she had not been sitting behind him, Tom must have noticed the flush which spread over her face at this announcement. After a pause, she said, slowly:

"So you're Tom Luttrell?"

"Yes," said he, looking up. "What do you know of me?"

"There is a young lady staying at Newlands who is a great friend of mine; she has told me about you."

"Indeed! And what's her name?"

"Miss Leigh; Nellie Leigh."

It was Tom's turn to flush now. "Miss Leigh!" he repeated. "Good heavens! you don't mean to say she is in the neighborhood?"

"You don't seem fond of her," she said, quietly.

Tom painted viciously. "I hate fast girls," he said, at last.

"How do you know she's fast? You never saw her."

"I've heard about her," Tom said, gloomily.

"What have you heard about her?" demanded his companion, sharply.

"Why, there was Ernest Browne; he met her a little while ago. She talked along the whole time to him, and—and swore, I think he said, and wanted to smoke. Then Tiverton told me she was the best hand at quoting Artemus Ward he ever heard. Bah! I hate a girl that quotes Artemus Ward;" and Tom switched viciously at the dandelions with his cane.

His companion watched him with a mischievous smile.

"'I wish you'd be less keerless with that weppin',' she said; 'you'll upset my water directly, and then you'll have to go and get some more."

"Now don't you begin it," Tom pleaded.

"Why not? I like Artemus."

Tom shrugged his shoulders.

"Well," his tormentor continued, "have you any other fault to find with your bride?"

"She's not my bride."

"But she will be."

"No, I'm bothered if she will!" Tom broke out, vehemently.

"What! will you buy your freedom with Hillingdon and seven thousand a year?"

"Aye, and think it cheap at that price."

"Complimentary to Miss Leigh. Shall I tell her?"

"If you like—but never mind Miss Leigh."

"You've not told me your name yet," said Tom, after awhile.

"My name?" she repeated; "oh, never mind my name."

"But I do mind your name. Won't you tell me?"

"My name's Nellie, too," she said, musingly.

"Shall I call you Nellie, then?" he asked.

"Certainly not," she said, coldly, and recommenced painting vigorously. He was getting on too fast.

Tom watched her silently. "Won't you forgive me?" he pleaded, after awhile.

"Shall I?" she said, holding her sketch at arm's length, to observe the effect.

"Yes, do," said Tom, "it's so Christian."

"Then I will," and she gave him her hand with a most adorable smile. Tom felt sadly inclined to kiss it, but refrained.

"Now," said she, consulting her watch, "I must be off."

"And will you allow me to carry your things?" asked Tom.

But at this moment she was capricious, as ladies will be sometimes, and positively refused to allow him to do any such thing. Then arose a struggle for the "things," which were, however, captured by Tom after a short resistance.

She turned and walked majestically away as Tom gathered up the implements with a grin, and followed her. When he came up to her she was sitting on a stile, looking dreamily on the ground. She raised her eyes as he approached.

"Mr. Luttrell," she said, "I want to speak to you seriously."

Tom deposited his burden on the ground, sat himself on a log facing her, and waited solemnly.

"I want to know if you're quite determined not to marry Miss Leigh?"

"I am," he replied, looking steadily at her, and tapping his teeth with her H. B. pencil.

"Since when?"

He hesitated.

"Since when?" she repeated, imperiously.

Tom began to dig little holes with his stick.

"Well, within the last few days," he said, at last.

If he had been looking at her, he might have seen the smile and blush of pleasure which lit up her face as he spoke.

"You see," he continued, "it's my father's marriage, not mine; and a man likes to choose his own wife. I daresay there's no real harm in the young person. If she's your friend, it speaks well for her, but still—"

"But still what? You've never seen her; how can you tell you won't like her?"

Tom became more than ever absorbed in his excavations.

"The truth is," he blurted out between the digs; "the truth is that lately, quite lately, I think I've seen the only girl I shall ever care to ask to be my wife," and he looked suddenly up at her.

She rose confused, and began to consult her watch earnestly.

"I must go, really. Please give me my things. This is the park boundary, so I won't trouble you any more."

She sprang over the stile as she spoke, interposing it between them as they said adieu.

"When shall I see you again?" he asked, as he held her hand at parting. She allowed it to linger in his, as she answered—

"Oh, soon, I daresay; perhaps when you least expect it." And gently returning the pressure of his hand, she turned away. After a few steps, she looked back.

"Any message to Miss Leigh?" she asked, mockingly.

"Oh, confound Miss Leigh!" growled Tom, "I wish she was in Otaheite." Then, seating himself on the stile, he lit a cigar and watched her graceful figure till he could see it no longer. Suddenly he smote his thigh. "By Jove! I never got her name after all," he said.

Immediately on arriving at his inn he commenced a cross-examination of his hostess, by which he learned two facts. Firstly, that Newlands was the property of Sir John Turnbull; and, secondly, that there were two young ladies staying there, Miss Leigh and Miss Harding.

Next day saw him speeding in a hansom from Paddington to his father's house in Brook street, intent on destroying that worthy old gentleman's peace of mind by the announcement of his determination to give up Miss Leigh and Hillingdon.

"Is my father in, Simms?" he asked of the butler, when that functionary appeared to attend his young master.

"No, sir; Mr. Luttrell went out with Mr. Leigh just after lunch."

"Mr. Leigh? Is he here?"

"Yes, sir; Mr. and Miss Leigh arrived this morning from the country."

"The deuce!" said Tom; "they haunt me wherever I go," and he retired precipitately to his own den.

"Bring me something to eat here, Simms, and don't let Miss Leigh know that I am in the house."

By the time he had finished his lunch his mind was made up. Selecting a hugely-crested sheet of stiff note-paper, so as to give the document an official character, he sat down, squared his elbows, and commenced to write. The following epistle was the result of his efforts:—

"MY DEAR MISS LEIGH—For the first time I address you, personally, though you doubtless must have been for some time aware of the link which in some way connects us. The time has now arrived when our decision must be made in regard to our future—whether we shall go through life together or separate—at once and forever. I will not conceal from you, my dear Miss Leigh, that for some years I have looked on you as my destined bride, and have considered myself fortunate in the prospect of an alliance with one of whose beauty and goodness I have heard so much. It is but quite recently that I have discovered that my heart is no longer mine to dispose of, and I now feel that to urge you to fulfil our engagement would be to insure a life of misery for both of us. Let us, then, separate without a personal interview, which would only cause unnecessary embarrassment. As to Hillingdon, I resign it to you willingly, feeling sure that you would make a better mistress than I should a master.

"Trusting, then, some day to meet you as the bride of some one more worthy to possess you than myself, I am, my dear Miss Leigh, your sincere friend,

"THOMAS CURZON LUTTRELL."

"That'll do, I think; I hope it won't smell of tobacco, Simms," as that worthy answered the bell; "take this to Miss Leigh, with my compliments."

Simms was too well-trained to show surprise at anything; he bowed and went. In ten minutes he returned.

"Miss Leigh's compliments, sir, and would you speak to her in the drawing-room?"

"Oh, hang her!" said Tom; but there was no escape. The drawing-room was darkened to exclude the afternoon sun, but Tom discovered a white figure at the far end, which rose and bowed as he advanced.

"I am delighted, Miss Leigh," he began, "to have the pleasure—Hollos! Miss Harding? You here?"

"Miss who?" said the laughing voice of his Settlebourne friend, "I am not Miss Harding."

"Then who in the name of goodness are you?" he demanded, eagerly.

She looked down demurely.

"I'm that horrid Miss Leigh, as you called me the other day.

Tom sat down and stared at her; presently he broke into a great laugh.

"Oh, it's all very well to laugh," she said, in an injured tone.

In a moment more he was kneeling by her chair, looking into her eyes.

"Miss Leigh—Nellie—"

"I told you not to call me Nellie, yesterday," she said, tartly.

"Yes, but yesterday isn't to-day; we're engaged now."

"Engaged, sir? What, after this?"

"Oh, hang the letter! You know I love you to distraction. You are your own only rival in my love, and you will marry me, dear, won't you?"

"Certainly not. You said I was fast and slangy, and that Hillingdon would be a cheap price to pay to get rid of me. And then this letter! Let go my hand—how dare you, sir? Be quiet, Mr. Luttrell! Tom, don't!"

But Tom was not to be denied. After this spirited resistance, Miss Leigh surrendered ignominiously.

"Tom," she whispered, as her head lay on his shoulder, "do you really care for me?" (Kisses and protestations.)

"And you really want to marry me?" (More kisses and protestations.)

"Then," and her voice sank lower yet, "then take down the card, for I'm let to a single gentleman."

And Yet They Were Not Happy.

The renowned Caliph Haroun Al Raschid rose one morning in a very melancholy humor. He at once summoned the Grand Vizier, who hastened to obey. He thus addressed his Premier:

"I feel very disconsolate; I had a dream last night, when I beheld all the women of my kingdom at the foot of my throne, beseeching me to help them. Their grievances were that they were unhappy, asking me to remove their wretchedness; and I must admit, it is true, their lot is very hard."

The Grand Vizier replied, "Sire, I assure you there is no ground for their complaint, and that among all not one would consent to exchange her condition."

"I am aware that my ministers are always ready to deal in such phrases whenever they are reproved, that the people and their interests are neglected. But I swear by Allah I shall have you strangled if you do not produce in the space of one month, one happy woman. Do you hear? but one single instance out of my whole kingdom. It is certainly a demand of no great hardship. And now, you may go in peace, and I shall expect your return after one month. But if you have not complied with my commands by that time, fear my wrath."

The Grand Vizier retired disheartened, as you, my gentle reader, may well imagine. He at once sought an interview with the President of the Bagdad Police, from whom he obtained poor comfort, who expressed a serious doubt whether one happy woman could be found in Haroun Al Raschid's entire kingdom—nay, in the whole world. Leaving him with a heavy heart, the Premier undertook the task himself, well knowing that his life was at stake. As a man of acute understanding, he commenced his inquiries with the Sultana. Taken by surprise, she replied: "Do you expect me to be happy when the Caliph scarcely devotes an hour to me, but, instead, walks the streets all night in disguise, while I must be filled with constant dread of his meeting with some accident at any time? Do not think of it! The very poorest woman is happier than I am."

The Premier, cast down, left the palace, when he met a maiden with blooming cheeks, carrying a water vessel on her head and singing merrily as she went. He called to her, saying, "Art thou happy?" "I happy? Oh, no! I am handsome as the Sultana, and should like to be in her place. I know I would please the Caliph if he would but turn his attention toward me."

Again defeated, he left her, cogitating upon new adventures. Suddenly he thought of his own wife, and asked her, "Are you happy?" "Happy!" she answered, "with such a man; it would indeed be a difficult undertaking."

He had already turned his back upon her, and was about to try his fortune with some other ladies of Bagdad, when the further he went the less hopeful he was. Wherever he inquired, nothing but complaints, the same fatal result. Admitted that it was rather a peculiar idea to ask the ladies whether they are happy, would they tell the truth? The Grand Vizier thought so. In his place I would have seriously questioned it. He went to the market-place, and there asked an honest woman, a vender of dates. In reply to his query whether she was happy, she said, "Happy? I happy? No, indeed! I work from morning early until evening late, and scarcely make a living. I am obliged to rise early, and retire late to my rest, not having earned enough frequently to pay for a scanty meal."

"Fool that I was," the minister concluded, "that I should come here to look for happy people," and quickly went to the house of a rich Jewish banker. "She certainly must be happy," reflected the Vizier; "she is comfortably situated, clad in the richest of apparel, decked with the most costly jewelry, and surrounded by slaves to do her bidding. She knows neither care or want."

"Alas!" was the reply to the general question, turning her handsome dark eyes with longing toward Heaven. "Sire, I am the most unhappy of all women in Bagdad. My husband loves naught but money and money matters, leaving his wife to sadness. A wife is like unto a flower, which will live and flourish when supported by the majestic palm tree, but, neglected and forsaken, as the wife is without love, she is made to wither."

"By the Prophet, one who loves her husband with such ardor certainly deserves to be happy. Where shall I find the desired person?"

The sigh had hardly escaped his breast when, as if pursued, he ran in great haste to the opposite part of the city. There dwelt a woman who had been married but two months ago. He exclaimed, "I have found her, I have found her," and entered the house with joy.

"Hail to the happy woman!" were his words of greeting, making a low bow to the young wife, and waiting with anxiety for an answer.

"Happy? I happy?" replied the young bride, shrugging her shoulders. "Oh, no! no longer. My husband gives me not a moment's peace. He cannot bear to leave me alone for an instant. I know he loves me, but he repeats the story too often, and if a pause does ensue he thereupon expects me to begin. He swears some thousand times a day that he loves me—yea, he seals it with the most awful oaths, and seems not to be satisfied until I join with him in a like strain. At first this little game was quite pleasant, but now—"

The ill-fated minister now began to despair. He abandoned his search in the capital, and was determined to try the country. But despite of his zeal, he there, too, did not succeed—could not discover the precious pearl demanded by the Caliph. Besides, the time allotted was nearly at an end, and he had but one more village to explore. When about entering it, he observed a peasant and his wife in the field. The latter was crying aloud because her husband had struck her.

"I miserable! I unhappy!" exclaimed the woman; "on the contrary, I am very happy."

"But did I not see your husband strike you?"

"True, he does strike me at times, but it matters not; he is able, also, to protect me with a strong arm. Most certainly; I am perfectly happy."

The Grand Vizier, now relieved of his heavy burden, exclaimed, "Finally, finally, I have found one happy woman!" and he triumphantly took her to Bagdad.

Appearing with his conquest before the Caliph, the latter said, "Well, have you found a happy woman?"

"Yes, indeed, Sire."

"Oh, mighty Caliph!" exclaimed the peasant's wife at his feet, "have mercy upon me, miserable."

"What is that?" the Grand Vizier became frightened, saying, "Did you not tell me you were happy?"

"Yes, at home with my husband and children, from whom you have torn me away. How is it possible that I should be happy at this place, so far away from them?"

"Be at ease," Haroun Al Raschid addressed his Premier, with a malicious smile on his countenance, "I pardon you; for during your absence I have discovered a happy woman, even here in Bagdad."

Opening his eyes widely, the Vizier asked, "Here in Bagdad?"

"Yes, your own wife. I sent a page to ask her, in my name, whether she was happy."

"And what did she answer?"

"She answered, 'Of course I am happy, my husband being on a journey.'"

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ The old-fashioned minuet is being revived in New York society.

☞ A wedding dress, ordered in Paris, for the Grand Duchess Maria, of Russia, cost $5200.

☞ Telegraphy is now taught in some of the English public schools.

☞ The Daily Sand Pump is the title of a newspaper in the oil regions.

☞ Women are allowed to practice in the State courts in Illinois.

☞ A Catawissa couple named Brobst, celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of their marriage on New Year's day.

☞ The canton of Neufchatel, Switzerland, has resolved to place a portrait of the late Prof. Agassiz in its legislative hall.

☞ A teacher at a deaf and dumb school in England has offered to teach an unusually intelligent ape, in the London Zoological Gardens, to speak.

☞ Scandal is again busy about the Grand Duke Alexis. It is now reported that he has been married to the niece of the Russian Minister at Berlin.

☞ Marshal Bazaine is said to occupy the identical room on the Isle of St. Marguerite in which the man with the iron mask was confined so many years.

☞ At a New York ball recently a lady wore $140,000 worth of diamonds and old point lace.

☞ The form of another human body which had been impressed on the ashes of Pompeii, has recently been preserved in plaster-of-paris. The cast is said to be extremely beautiful, and far superior to any which have hitherto been taken.

☞ Barnum is picking up a new menagerie in Europe, and shipping home elephants, camels, ostriches, elands, zebras, reindeer, monkeys and goats by the cargo.

☞ One wet night in Boston recently, visitors to a public hall found a man at the entrance holding out a ticket check, and saying, "Umbrellas, please." People gratefully resigned their wet umbrellas to his custody, but when the entertainment was over, both man and umbrellas had disappeared.

☞ The secret which Capt. Hall did not want divulged until after the death of Lady Franklin is stated to be that in his search for Sir John Franklin and party, Capt. Hall made the sad discovery that they were reduced to the dire necessity of eating each other.

☞ George Sand is the wealthiest authoress in the world. Forty years ago almost on the brink of starvation, she has now an annual income of over 100,000 francs from her copyrights and life contracts with French publishing houses, and her magnificent country seat of Nohant could not be bought for 500,000 francs.

☞ The articles left by passengers in the English railroad cars are very numerous in the course of a year, and with those which remain unclaimed, are annually sold for the benefit of the employees of the company. At a recent sale of this kind there were 11,035 umbrellas, 1,159 sunshades and 312 walking sticks, not to mention various articles of clothing.

☞ Twenty-seven Nashville ladies determined to practice economy; vowed not to wear anything more expensive than calico dresses to church; and they stuck to it, as none of them have attended church since.

☞ The population of Philadelphia exceeds by more than a hundred thousand that of each of the States of California, Connecticut and Maine. It almost equals that of Alabama or Maryland. It is nearly double that of Arkansas, Kansas, Minnesota, New Hampshire, Vermont, or West Virginia. It exceeds that of the States of Delaware Florida, Nebraska and the District of Columbia combined.

☞ In Warren county, recently, a horse, being ridden at a smart gallop, caught its foot in a cavity in the road. The foot was wedged in firmly, and the impetus of the horse was so great that the hoof was wrenched completely off. The poor brute was afterward killed.

☞ A writer in Scribner says that when a man enters a restaurant, calls for fish-balls, and hears "sleeve-buttons for one" ordered, and finds pork and beans transformed into "stars and stripes," he begins to wonder whether civilization is not a failure.

☞ Monaco, the headquarters of gambling in Europe, since the practice was prohibited at Baden Baden and Hamburg, has had its first tragedy. A stranger after losing $100,000 at the gambling table, quietly seated himself on a lounge and shot himself through the body with a pistol. He was quite unknown, and not even his nationality was discovered.

☞ In the Protestant graveyard at Florence repose the remains of Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Her monument is a simple sarcophagus of white marble, standing on six marble columns, and bears no inscription except the letters "E. B. B., Ob., 1861." Emblems of Poetry and music—harps and lyres—are cut in relief in the marble. Very near rest the remains of Fanny Waugh Hunt, wife of Holman Hunt, the distinguished English artist. She died here in the first year of her marriage.

☞ Miss Edgar, a young lady who was saved from the Ville du Havre, is an expert swimmer, but after supporting her mother in the water as long as she was able she had the misery of seeing her at last slip away from her own exhausted and frozen arms and slowly disappear, only one minute before the boat appeared which picked up and rescued herself.

☞ A young lady of Albany, N. Y., has been very successful as a singer in Russia, where she appeared under the name of Albani. At St. Petersburg, after the performance of the mad scene in "Lucia," she was recalled twenty times; and, thinking the opera was over, as far as she was concerned, changed her dress and prepared to leave the theatre; but so vociferous was the cheering that she had to appear in her walking-dress on the stage no less than nine times. At Moscow, after the performance of "Somnambula," she was recalled forty times.

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THE GIFTS.

These are flowers for favors!
Wear them on thy breast—
Red roses, red roses,
As bright as earth discloses,
Red roses with sweet savors
Blown in the spicy west.
These are flowers for favors,
Flowers of sweetest savors,
Wear them on thy breast!

Flowers too cold for bosoms,
Take them in thy hand—
White lilies, white lilies,
And purest daffodillies;
These lilies are the blossoms,
Thine arm the lily wand—
Flowers too cold for bosoms,
Lily leaves and blossoms,
Take them in thy hand.

These are flowers for dreaming!
Wear them in thy hair—
Blue pansies, blue pansies,
As pure as maiden fancies;
Blooms like blue eyes beaming,
For golden locks to wear—
These are flowers for dreaming,
Blue, and bright, and beaming,
Wear them in thy hair.

These are flowers thy lover
Strews beneath thy feet:
Oxlips, bluebells, daisies,
Sweets the meadow raises—
Orchids, thyme, and clover,
That trod upon scent sweet—
These are flowers thy lover
Where thy footsteps hover,
Strews beneath thy feet.

Wear these flowers for favors,
Lady of them all—
White lilies, red roses,
Blue pansies, be thy posies;
And countless flowers give savors
Beneath thy soft footfall.
Wear thy flowers for favors,
Drink their sweetest savors,
Lady of them all!

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

BITTER-SWEET.

BY SPHINX.

The unsurpassed glory of the day was at its height, and the early autumn season had garnered into its beauty the passion and the pathos of the remembrance of departed summer. Miss Rothermel sat on the steps of the pretty little seaside cottage, with some of the glimmer falling upon her hair, and catching the warmth of some stray coquetting gleam in her nerveless white hands. Quite alone, though many surrounded her, yet with just a perceptible tinge of ennui in her mobile lips, her eloquent eyes flashed nonchalant glances upon the four or five gentlemen who were sitting about in easy postures, all suing for the whilome favor of the wealthy and charming woman before them. "To be rich and admired is probably the sensible acme of human happiness," was her inner thought. "Bah! and to be loved from that summit—worse still! if one has the faculty of estimating justly the wonderful sacrifices these men are evincing, forsooth! How many women like me, I wonder, believe these danglers to be the result of their own attraction rather than the luxury of their fortunes?" Her eyes then wandered away into some shrine of their own, far out at sea; and Mrs. Rothermel, her stepmother, forgave her daughter's abstraction for the sake of the élite who crowded her cottage, and so, in equable tones, proceeded to entertain them.

The girl's eyes were now brought suddenly back from their dim and distant searching by the step of some one who approached, bowed, and passed—unnoticed by the chattering crowd—even while the low words of Edgar Dunning were falling upon her unheeding ear; even while the cool, insinuating compliments of Clare Warburton stung her sense of proud womanhood. She had heard him coming, this man who had passed, and she had gathered her breath closely, so that no near adorer should catch it, weigh it, or judge her. Who indeed had a right to interpret its meaning, who might dare to read the light coming into her eyes, or feel the fear, the grief and love that surged in one rush of color—a blush disastrous—if his presence were wanting. With superhuman effort she allowed no word to die away unheard on her quivering lips, and in the folds of her silken robe her hands were clinched in the spasm of emotion the face almost suffered to conceal. After awhile, with some idle excuse she left them, and as she did not return, they reminded Mrs. Rothermel of the hop to take place at the "Stockton House" in the evening, and of their rights as to escorts, etc., etc., and then they strolled away.

"By the way, Josephine, Donald Fane called this morning. I said you were out, of course! The Addisons are coming for us this evening, I believe."

"Said I was out!"

"Certainly; you were napping, you know."

"But you knew it to be his first call, and he saw me sitting upon the porch with you all ten minutes later."

"Clare Warburton thought it quite amusing. Mr. Fane looked with such supreme contempt at your courtiers, scarcely acknowledging their remarks to him, and Mr. Dunning says he is somebody rather questionable—in plain terms, never seen in the first circles of Philadelphia."

"Edgar Dunning is a fool; and as for Clare Warburton!—"

Bang! The door finished the sentence, and Mrs. Rothermel placed her hand distressingly upon her head, and uttered a prayer of thanksgiving that her own amiable daughter was at boarding-school, and from under the influence of Josephine's "impetuosities."

The girl in her own room sat sullen, flushed and silent; then she burst forth with, "A prisoner in chains could not have less freedom than is granted me: for what is the constant suppression of one's abhorrence or one's delight but veriest slavery? But why need I bewail her words, when he passes three weeks here, and calls the day before his departure! Perhaps the answer was not so malapropos after all, thanks to Mrs. Rothermel's worldly wisdom—for once her daughter should be grateful for the admirable recovery of lost pride by proxy!"

The object of these contradictory impulses had by this time strolled far up the beach, had made a turn and come down again just in time to see the flock of gentlemen departing from their usual rendezvous, the Widow Rothermel's cottage. A curious smile brightened the reflective shadows of his face, and the sigh that followed proved to be a mere portal for a low, amused laugh. In the evening he took his stand within the doorway of the ball-room at the Stockton House, and watched Josephine Rothermel. It was his last night at Cape May, and he could afford to spare it to her "before he turned his face away from her forever."

He made no move to join her or to speak to her, beyond the courteous inclination of the head in response to her reserved bow. This night, as in all others, she was one of the dizzy whirling throng, swept along in the resistless tide of fashion.

"A mockery of a wife for me," he thought, as his eye followed her in the waltz with Gilbert Addison; a woman whose downcast, sweeping eyelids and calm mouth spoke volumes to him, who had read her aright some years before, but who, as he saw the exquisite lace of her bertha and the soft pearls in her hair, would fain bequeath her and her luxury to some merchant-prince, and then turn finally to a life of another nature, afar from this Vanity Fair. He called himself a fool—and yet remained chained to the spot. She did not look at him once, neither was there any change of color under the pure, proud face. Time and again she came slowly past him, so near that he could have touched the odorous scarlet flower that glowed at her throat. It was growing late, and still they danced. That interminable dance! And yet had she been for one second alone, he dared not tamper with his resolution of abjuring the impossible, of making a sport of circumstance. "She loves me!" And his heart stirred slowly, warningly within him. "And I love her too well—to have the world pity her and bemoan her fate, or to increase her bitterness as regards her fortune-hunting—even me she could scarcely help doubting, especially when Clare Warburton's verdict is given!"

Again the couple were near him, and this time detained by a waiter, who had searched for Mr. Addison, to deliver a telegram. His face very, very white. Death had entered his home, and well-nigh distracted, he, the worldling, could even forget that he rushed away from his distinguished partner with some scarcely comprehended word of excuse, and left her in a vestibule, standing with her long robe partially raised in one hand, while the other rested upon the crushed, drooping flower on her breast. Standing thus for a few minutes, she raised her eyes and saw Donald Fane near enough to speak to her and watching her. She opened her lips, then closed them resolutely.

The voice of Clare Warburton here was heard. "Certainly, Mrs. Rothermel would wish that I should see you home. Poor Addison has literally departed, sans ceremonie, I perceive!"

The lady's whole demeanor changed instantly, with utter repugnance in every lineament. She turned quickly toward the silent listener and exclaimed, "Mr. Fane is going to take me home, I believe. Is it not so?"

His deep gray eyes grew wide with astonishment, and a burning flush crept into the brown hair, defining his magnificent brow. But as soon as her frightened consciousness returned to her, and shame for her dilemma almost betrayed the falsehood to the scrutinizing man of the world at her side, Donald Fane hushed the beatings of his own heart in one tightened, resolute breath, and drew her arm within his own, with a cool, acknowledging bend of the head, and led her to the dressing-room.

"Whew!" was the significant exclamation of the spectator, as he saw the deliberately calm appropriation of the lady who already was regarded by the fashionable world as the future Mrs. Warburton.

In a few minutes these two were beneath the open sky, with the sea dark and restless, intoning in sad undercurrents the secret of its deepest waters, and over all things swept the haunting night wind.

"I hope you will forgive me," she managed to articulate. "I could not accept of that man's escort, and none of my other gentlemen friends were near to relieve me."

"So it seemed," he replied, meaningly. "I understood my situation perfectly and accepted by your desire solely."

She turned an amazed face upward. "You do not accept my apology then?"

"I fail to see the apology," he heard himself saying, and delighted that her sentence could have more than one construction placed upon it—anything to uphold his resolution. His heart cried out within him, but he determined to seize anything that would separate them—"as I say—I fail to see the apology for excepting your present escort from the honored list of gentlemen friends who were bound to comply with any desire of a lady."

"Did I so word it? Did you not, can you not see what I meant—that what would be so utterly disagreeable to you—I would willingly have saved you from?"

There was no response for a minute, he dared not trust himself to speak, to make his avoidance of her explanatory. He felt that she was waiting for him to assure her of his comprehension; he felt the nervous trembling of her hand upon his arm, and bracing himself against the tide of incoming fate he spoke as perhaps few men dare to speak. "I believe that you do not know that your words are not applicable, save in the sense of a worldly point of view. I am a poor man. I have been in addition thereto a genuine fool—poverty cannot be immediately overcome—folly sometimes can—and I respect you too sincerely to make you regret any temporary folly."

She withdrew her hand proudly from his arm in haughty astonishment. "You are egotistical, Mr. Fane," she said, with an indignant ring in her voice.

"So much the better for me then!" he responded, bitterly.

They had reached the little gate; he opened it for her to pass up the path to the cottage, but she stood in his way irresolute, the light from the hall shining upon her intensely pale face.

"You leave to-morrow, I believe?"

"Yes," he said, bravely.

"Let us rectify this misunderstanding then?" she said, in a low, unsteady voice.

"Certainly; I see that you regret having to seek my protection to-night; for in plain terms was it not that?" he asked, bending forward to see her face more clearly.

"Yes, I do not deny it; money does not seem to save me from annoyance, persecution, or even insult, it seems."

"Josephine!" the word leaped from his lips in quick indication of that last word as applied to himself. One hand covered her bowed face, and one was outstretched toward his advancement, it seemed. There was a dead silence. He folded his arms and stood his ground, though quivering in every muscle. She moved a step nearer the gate, her face still hidden, and one hand groping for its support; but before she leaned against it he caught her, upturned the face with its closed eyes and delicate trembling lips, and concentrated as once only in life it so happens, the essence of his existence with its doubt, its sacrifices, its love, in a kiss that neither forgot to their dying day. She opened her eyes into his in a blind delirium of unbelief—and then?

Was death itself going to carve out clearly, decisively, the fate he had planned for himself, he thought, as the sharp report of a pistol at his very side, came in startling echo of that kiss. What meant the sudden faintness and agonizing pain that carried him away—far away from her he held to his heart.

"Villain!" hissed the voice of Clare Warburton, as the girl seized the hand that came between them, dealing a deliberate, murderous shot. "It's mere nothing, Miss Rothermel! a mere scratch to teach the fellow a lesson how he insults ladies! I happened to overhear your accusation, and withstood my temptation to cane him; but when it came to his daring to assuming the rights of an engaged man, I flourished my pistol—perhaps a little too abruptly!"

She pushed him aside.

"My God! 'Tis he that I love—you that I hate! how have you dared to separate us? Donald! my beloved!" her arms were wound about the falling figure—and very gently she sank with him and gathered the head close to her heart. And the man who had done the deed, stood looking down.

"Miss Rothermel—arise! I beg—several parties have heard the shot—they are coming here; it is very, very awkward for you."

Unheeded his words—for her head rested now in utter unconsciousness upon the stalwart breast whose heart was beating so feebly. The doors and windows of the cottage were thrown open, and Mrs. Rothermel and two servants rushed out with lights. Several people returning from the hop, gathered excitedly at the gate. Warburton muttering something about a "deuced unpleasant business!" bore the insensible girl to the house just as the lady was coming out. There was a great outcry, but it was soon explained to them that Miss Rothermel had escaped from all injury—that fact being apparently more than due to Mr. Warburton, who was bending over her as devotedly as the step-mother could possibly desire, had she been sufficiently calm to have recognized the significance of his devotion.

"The gentleman—is he to be brought in here?" interrupted a servant.

"Certainly not," said Mr. Warburton, in honorable anticipation of any feelings Mrs. Rothermel might hesitate to express, "he will be taken to his hotel, opposite. I'll drop over there presently. My dear lady, if your daughter continues in this unconscious state, I should without doubt send for a physician. The shock has been too great. I have gotten myself into a little difficulty I fear; you see, madam, that, coming home late with a lady, a gentleman is apt to be a little erratic oftimes in protecting her. I assure you I had no knowledge whatever of the gentleman being Mr. Fane."

"Mr. Fane! and you mean to say you were under the necessity of protecting Miss Rothermel?" asked the amazed widow, applying restoratives to the motionless figure before them.

"Hardly that either," he said, modestly assuming a retracting gesture. "Hardly that! Mr.—Mr. a—Fane was—well we'll say, may have been slightly inebriated—I drew my pistol as a sort of remonstrance, you know—(quite common for a gentleman to carry the handy little weapon,) and it went off, most unexpectedly—frightening your daughter terribly—and—"

The doctor here arrived and came forward unceremoniously.

"I have ordered that the murdered man be carried in here, madam!"

Mrs. Rothermel gave a little scream of dismay. "Carried in here?" while Warburton turned deadly white as he echoed: "Murdered man!"

"Oh, well! we won't quibble about it—the law will probably do that, you know. I haven't had time to look at him yet! just got here! I want him brought in immediately, and laid on a soft bed on this floor—not to be carried up-stairs under any consideration."

Then he turned toward Josephine and shook his head. "Brain fever in prospect, madam; let her if possible return to consciousness in her own room."

Leaving his prescriptions on the table, he crossed the hall and found Donald Fane just recovering from the slight swoon into which he had fallen. The wound was bleeding freely, and that stopped, the surgeon saw every chance for recovery.

"Mighty near the heart," he said to himself, under breath; but Warburton caught the words and shrank back. As he was going out the door he heard the doctor say, "Who is at the bottom of this devilish mischief?" but the sick man's eyes were following the retreating figure, and he made a faint gesture for his return. He came forward with evident hesitation, preferring to settle the difficulty afterward.

"I merely wish to say," faintly articulated Donald, "that as the shot was fired in imagined defence of a lady, I beg Mr. Warburton will not mention the name of the gentleman who was so courageous at present. In deference to Miss Rothermel, she, at least, should have the entire say in the matter. I am sure Mr. Warburton agrees with me?"

The latter cast a look of deadliest malice at the clear, brown eyes, but bowed affirmatively.

"A very lucky escape!" he said to himself afterward, as he wended his way in the owl train to New York "on business!" to return in a fortnight.

In these progressive times a hundred such "little affairs" may create their respective ripples on the surface of society and be as soon forgotten, though the results may be more serious, and so argued Mr. Warburton.

"This little breeze will have blown over probably by that time, particularly if Miss Rothermel is really ill, and Mr. Fane holds his tongue. I am naturally non-committal."

Donald Fane lay upon his couch for a week, and during that time he had perhaps seen Mrs. Rothermel twice; as several servants were in attendance and her daughter very ill, she saw no reason for wearing herself out in the service of an undistinguished person like Mr. Fane. And what had he to think of during that dismal week? Nothing pleasant, I assure you! He could hear the girl he loved murmuring in her delirium overhead, and he could but recall the occasion he had offered for all that had followed by one moment of untold bliss. Restless and wretched, he had not even the memory of one word of hers to assure him that his love had been returned—nought but the cruel remembrance of her sad reproach—and he had dared to take her in his arms and kiss her! Thus the "slow sad hours" drew their dreary length along—and when he was able to walk about the room, he spent the time idly drumming upon the window-pane, watching for the doctor to pay his visit to the girl who was probably dying up-stairs. The physician alone knew of his anxiety, having been wearied no doubt by his incessant questioning—so to come conclusively to the root of the matter, he said to Mrs. Rothermel:

"Madam, to-morrow I think you will find your daughter so much advanced toward convalescence that it would perhaps do to let her lover just see her for an instant, say!"

"My goodness, doctor! what terrible mistake are you laboring under? her lover! surely you do not refer to Mr. Fane?"

"I do undoubtedly. I thought they were engaged."

"Mercy no! he is by no means an intimate friend even—not one of Miss Rothermel's circle, you know—quite a gentlemanly person, but with no such pretension I assure you!"

The doctor shrugged his shoulders and departed, and Mrs. Rothermel following in his wake with a heavy frown darkening her face, entered Mr. Fane's sitting-room, and found him gazing disconsolately at the breakers rolling heavily shoreward, in dull gray upheavals, and curling their spray into feathery fringes against the placid level beach. She just touched his hand with the tips of her fingers, and "regretted so much to hear that he was well enough to return to his hotel; she had quite scolded the doctor for intimating such a thing. Miss Rothermel was also doing nicely; sleeping much, and refreshingly it seemed—had Mr. Fane been very lonely during his indisposition?"

He fixed his serious eyes upon her, and asked mechanically "whether Miss Rothermel recognized those around her?"

In graceful haste, and thinking of the doctor's suggestion, she quickly replied that it was "hardly decided—no person being admitted to her room as yet—she had not spoken to herself or the doctor;" she omitted to say that her first conscious word had been "Donald," and so his removal had been arranged? After an embarrassing pause he again bowed over Mrs. Rothermel's hand, and proceeded to make preparations for his departure.

Again a dismal week of standing by his room window, this time watching every sign of Miss Rothermel's convalescence. Once he saw the curtain of her room drawn back and some flowers he had sent her placed in the window. Ten days later the house was closed—they had gone home; there was nothing whatever for him to do but to follow suit. In the train he had time to think of his wise foregone conclusions. Where were they now? Was not he preposterously mad to think of asking her to marry him—a man on a small salary—a man self-made—without relatives, without influential friends? He despised himself! But on the other hand, was he not healthful, honest, intellectual; was he not brave, sincere, loving? In the world's balance have these qualities no weight? Verily, it seemed not. He went to his place of business heavy-hearted, and discouraged besides with the thought that she might despise him, now particularly.

Six weeks passed before he ventured to see her. It was a fine evening in the early part of December that he rang the door-bell of the palatial residence. In response to his query as to whether Miss Rothermel was at home, the servant answered that she was as yet unable to receive visitors, was at present in the conservatory, but that Mrs. Rothermel was in the parlor entertaining visitors.

"Take me to your young mistress."

"Yes, sir; this way, sir;" and he followed the obsequious servant along the velvet-carpeted hall, and softly opened and closed the door of the conservatory. It was partially lighted, and the tall, tropical plants were casting their graceful shadows on the marble tiling. The air was redolent of violets, heliotrope and jasmine, while the glossy leaves of an orange-tree and the petals of a royal crimson hybiscus brushed his cheek in passing. The plash of the fountain in the centre expressed a sweet, musical articulation to the languor of the odorous glory of leaf and flower on all sides, while the mellow, flickering light cast an uncertain, tremulous smile over the whole. Hanging baskets of fern and woodland moss imparted the spicy, damp exhalation of forest breath; and mist-trees dimly and delicately hid roses blushing and heavy with their own incomparable fragrance.

A faint stir as his step approached, and then there came to him a vision, such as he never forgot. Josephine Rothermel, changed from her illness, and yet the same, standing quite still in the archway of foliage, in her soft Cashmere robe of some faint rose color, and over it a soft white wrap, bordered with snowy down—her glorious hair gathered in broad, luxurious waves, loosely and negligently, into a glistening comb of silver—her eyes gleaming like two stars, while her hands were filled with the brilliant, glowing flowers she had been leisurely gathering. Her face, like some marble Hebe's, grew slowly and wondrously into the superb coloring of a Titian hue as his infatuated eyes rested delightedly upon her. There was a startled protest in her exquisite attitude, intense surprise and profound enchantment, and before she could change it or utter a word, he sank down at her very feet, drawing her gently to the rustic seat at her side.

"Am I forgiven? Tell me—tell me, my beautiful! Quick, speak to me! I have waited, oh, so long for this hour! longer than you dream of—years, long years! Can you realize it?"

Her flowers had fallen, and crushed and bleeding yielded up their dying breath at her feet. The face of the man she loved was so near her own that she felt the fierce impetuosity of his breathing. She placed her hands upon his shoulders, and held his love-laden eyes in calm retention by her steady, idolatrous gaze—then slowly, so slowly that a slight shiver in him anticipated her answer, she bent down, meeting his lips with her own, trembling so with suppressed love and all the wealth of absolute certainty and eternal faith, that he arose and looked at her bewildered as she turned her face in half-terror away—then triumphantly gathered her to her only earthly resting-place, in half-comprehension of untold joy.

The heavily-perfumed flowers above their heads drooped superbly in seemingly shy sympathy, and the gold-fish in the marble basin were comparatively motionless at the solemn silence—alone and unhindered the fountain still murmured some melodious murmur—and Fate lurked unperceived in the growth of time, evinced by leaves and buds and blossoms.

TACT.

JABBERLY.—"Was awfully snubbed by Mrs. Dulcimer, last night, at the opera, for talking to her while they were singing."

MARIA.—"I think she wants taste, then. A heavy, rough voice contrasts so well with music, and adds flavor to it, as an olive does to claret."

Tobacco and the Mental Faculties.

A distinguished French savant, the Abbe Moigno, contributes to the discussion of the tobacco question some interesting observations on the influence of the weed upon his own mental powers. For many years he had been addicted to the habit of snuff-taking, though conscious of injurious results flowing from the practice. He renounced it again and again, but a relapse always followed. In 1861 his daily allowance of snuff was over twenty grammes, and he observed a rapid decay of the faculty of memory. He had learned some fifteen hundred root words in each of several languages, but found these gradually dropping out of his mind, so as to necessitate frequent recurrence to dictionaries. At last he summoned resolution to break finally with the use of tobacco in any form, and after six years of abstinence writes as follows:—

"It was for us the commencement of a veritable resurrection of health, mind and memory; our ideas have become more lucid, our imagination more vivid, our work easier, our pen quicker, and we have seen gradually return that army of words which had run away. Our memory, in a word, has recovered all its riches, all its sensibility. That tobacco, especially in the form of snuff, is a personal enemy of memory, which it has destroyed little by little, and sometimes very promptly, cannot be doubted. Many persons with whom we are acquainted—M. Dubrunfaut, the celebrated chemist, for example—have run the same dangers, and escaped them in the same fashion, by renouncing tobacco, which, we do not hesitate to say, harms the greatest part of those who employ it, since for one smoker or snuffer who uses it there are ninety-nine who abuse it."

Mrs. Browning Described by Sara Coleridge.

My daughter and I lately met at the house of my excellent old friend, Mr. Kenyon, that poetical pair, Mr. and Mrs. Browning. You probably know her as Elizabeth Barrett, author of the "Seraphim," "Drama of Exile," and many ballads and minor poems, among which "Cowper's Grave" is of special excellence. She has lately published "Casa Guidi Windows," a meditative political poem of considerable merit; Mazzini admires it, and it has been translated into Italian. Mrs. Browning is in weak health, and cannot remain in this foggy clime; they are to reside in Paris. She is little, hard-featured, with long, dark ringlets, a pale face, and plaintive voice—something very impressive in her dark eyes and her brow. Her general aspect puts me in mind of Miguon—what Mignon might be in maturity and maternity. She has more poetic genius than any other woman living—perhaps more than any woman ever showed before, except Sappho. Still there is an imperfectness in what she produces; in many passages the expressions are very faulty, the images forced and untrue, the sentiments exaggerated, and the situations unnatural and unpleasant. Another pervading fault of Mrs. Browning's poetry is rugged, harsh versification, with imperfect rhymes, and altogether that want of art in the department of metre which prevents the language from being an unobstructive medium for the thought.

The First Balloon in the New World.

It would seem that to Philadelphia belongs the honor of having made the first experiment in aerial navigation that was attempted upon this continent. A recent English writer upon the subject of aerostation says:—

"Experiments had been made in Philadelphia, as to the use of gas for balloons, almost simultaneously with its adoption in France. In 1783, Messrs. Rittenhouse and Hopkins, members of the Philosophical Academy of that city, instituted a series of experiments which resulted in the construction of a machine with forty-seven small hydrogen balloons attached to a car or cage. After some preliminary trials of animals, and one man let up to a certain height and pulled down by ropes, Mr. James Wilcox, a carpenter, ascended free on December 28, 1783. Perceiving himself rapidly approaching the Schuylkill River, and apprehensive of falling into it, he took the necessary steps to occasion his descent; and, according to his instructions, made incisions in three balloons; but this proving ineffective, he cut three more, and then five, nearly all at the same time. This caused so violent a descent that he dislocated his wrist. Such was the first experiment in the New World."

Answers to Correspondents.

PAY YOUR POSTAGE.—Authors and others often send us letters and manuscripts not fully paid. In these cases the Department here enforces payment of the deficiency—which we either have to pay, or to decline receiving the letters or manuscripts. Authors will also bear in mind that the Department now requires letter postage on all manuscripts—therefore it is often cheaper, as it is always safer, to send large packages by express.

WE cannot undertake to answer questions relating to the acceptance or rejection of manuscripts in this column. And there is no occasion of writing to ask whether we will examine a manuscript. Send it on, and we will examine it; keeping a copy, to avoid all danger of loss—as we do not hold ourselves responsible for the safe return of manuscript.

THE hair-snake question appears to interest our readers very much.

"MACK," (Soutogany, Wood Co., Ohio,) writes in relation to it as follows: "I will contribute perhaps some information about the hair-snake, as you ask information pro or con. In the summer of 1868 I was on Kelly's Island, Lake Erie, and visiting the stone quarry of Mr. Elisha Huntington, I noticed in it a pit of about two feet in depth, over which a turn-table for the use of a horse car was constructed, innumerable hair-snakes moving about in the water, of which there were some eight or ten inches in the bottom of the pit. I am certain this moving mass, having all the appearance of snakes, were hairs from the horses that did duty on the stone car, for this was the standing place for the horse while waiting for the car while being loaded. Mr. Huntington requested me to take one to his office, it being handy by, for microscopic observation; with intense curiosity I complied with the requeer, and selecting one was soon ready for the examination; the part of the body seen under magnifying power looked as large as a common-sized lead pencil, and shiny scales were as visible as those of the garter snake; the head was then brought under the focus of the glass, when the eyes, mouth and teeth were as well defined as in any perfect snake. Mr. Huntington is a scientist, and has charge of the meteorological reports on the island, appointed by the United States Government."

WE have received from another correspondent, "Carl," of Ryerson Station, a communication taking the opposite side of the question. It will soon appear.

A. C. K., (Owego, N. Y.,) asks: "1st. How is the name Themistocles pronounced? 2d. What relation have the characters 'i. e.' to the word 'namely?' I notice they are sometimes substituted for that word. 3d. Was Montaigne as great a skeptic as Pyrro? 4th. What countries of any importance are inferior to the United States in naval power? 5th. Was Nimrod the first monarch of Assyria; and does his appellation 'the mighty hunter' refer to the hunting of animals? 6th. Who was the inventor of 'Greek fire?' 7th. What is supposed to be the origin of 'St. Valentine's Day?' 8th. Is the name of the Chinese philosopher, Confucius, supposed to be strictly correct?" 1st. Themis'-to-cles. 2d. I. e. stands for the Latin phrase *Id est*, the meaning of which is "that is." 3d. We cannot say: they were both eminent, Montaigne as an essayist, Pyrro as the founder of the skeptic sect. 4th. Probably very few. In respect to the number of national vessels and of guns, we believe England, France, Russia and Spain are superior to us. 5th. Ashur, the grandson of Noah, was the first ruler of Assyria. Nimrod was "a mighty hunter before the Lord" (Gen. x. 9), which the Targum says means "a sinful hunting of the sons of men." Pope says of him, "He was a mighty hunter, and his prey was man." So also Milton interprets the phrase in "Paradise Lost." 6th. Greek fire was first used by the Greeks of the Eastern Empire. It was invented either by a native of Egypt or Syria. It was used in the defence of Constantinople against the Saracens. 7th. Valentine is a corruption of *galantin*, a lover or gallant. St. Valentine was selected for the sweethearts' saint because of his name. 8th. That is the name by which he is generally known in histories and other writings. It is different in the Chinese.

JOHN JONES, (Algona, Iowa,) writes: "Your correspondents' column is better than any encyclopedia, for we can find out things through it that are not found in any book. There are a few things that I could never find out, and I want to see if your magician can for me. 1st. What was the origin of the slang word 'hifalutin'? 2d. What was the origin of 'John Bull'? 3d. How is 'Yosemite' pronounced? Is it Indian or Spanish? and what does it mean? 4th. Don't you think Congress could be induced to give a bounty for the scalps of 'Josh Billings' and 'Joaquin Miller?'" 1st. We are ignorant of the origin of the term. It is not in the dictionary yet. 2d. This national nickname for an Englishman arose from a character in a satire by Dr. Arbuthnot. In this satire the Englishman is represented, under the name of John Bull, as a blunt, kind-hearted, bull-headed farmer, the Frenchman is termed Lewis Baboon, the Dutchman Nicholas Frog, etc. 3d. Yo Sem'-i-te. The word is Spanish. We think we have heard, but we cannot now say what it means. 4th. Our national expenditures are large enough already. Besides, we think Mr. Miller, with all his faults, has too much of the true poetic fire in him to be disposed of in such a summary way.

A. S., (Harper, Crawford Co., Kansas,) asks: "Was Solomon's Temple built by the Masonic fraternity?" No doubt it was built by the stonemasons, and the Masonic fraternity claim that those masons then and there instituted a fraternity which survives to this day. We have never examined into the historical grounds of that belief.

J. L. W., (Chicago,) under date of Jan. 8, '74, writes: "I am engaged to be married to a young lady next month, and had arranged to spend last evening at her house, but in the afternoon I received a note from her, saying she would rather I would call this evening instead, not stating any reason. I called this evening, and after being there some time, she informed me that she had been to a ball last evening with a gentleman friend and her sister, and that she did not think it very wrong, thereby acknowledging that it was not right, and that her mother advised her not to go. She had also expressed her opinion to me on the very subject some time previous, saying then that she did not think it proper. She has been accustomed to attend such parties, and is very fond of dancing. I seldom attend such parties myself, but have often told her to go if she thought it right and wanted to. This was of course before the day named for the wedding was so near at hand. Had she asked my permission or me to accompany her, or even informed me that she was going, I would not feel so badly about it. After she told me that she had been to a ball, I said that I did not approve of her action, and requested her to apologize, which she did after some time, though reluctantly. This is the first time she has done anything improper, to my knowledge, since our engagement or acquaintance, and I love her. Did she do wrong, or am I too exacting? Will you please give your view of the matter fully?" She did not act quite right, and probably you are too exacting, judging by your requesting her to apologize. A forced apology is not worth a great deal, and often leaves a sting behind it. Tell her that you do not like balls much; but if she wants to go, you cannot endure the thought of her going with another. If you really love her,

"Be to her faults a little blind,
And to her virtues very kind."

If you do not love her enough to take her with her faults, do not marry her. If you do, try to bring her to your mode of thinking by mild and gradual means, letting her see and feel all the time that you truly love her. But never ask her again to apologize to you for anything—let the apology come of her own free will, if at all.

"GRANEW," (Fort Totten, D. T.,) 1st. We must decline your offer, with our thanks for your kindness. 2d. We do not recollect when the story you mention was published, but if you date your acquaintance with the Post from that period, it has been a long one. We trust you will find it as pleasant in the future as it was in the past.

W. Y. (Brownstown, Co. Renfrew, Prov. Ontario,) asks: "1st. Which was the best band that performed at the great Peace Jubilee at Boston. Did the bands of the French and Germans that performed at the jubilee, belong to the regular armies of their respective countries? Do you know which of the bands—the German, French or British—was the strongest? 2d. How do you pronounce the word massacre? 3d. Who is Sir Garnet Wolsely, the commander of the Ashantee Expedition? 4th. What is the actual strength of the American regular army?" 1st. We cannot give you the information you seek, relating to the different bands that performed at the Peace Jubilee. 2d. Mas'-sa-ker. 3d. We know nothing of him, save that he is an officer of considerable distinction in the British service. 4th. General Sherman, the head of the army, says in his recent report to the Secretary of War that the aggregate showing is 25,625 enlisted men of cavalry, infantry and artillery, and 5,970 non-combatants—the total being 29,605, or 495 less than the number (30,000) limited by law. The number of regimental commissioned officers on duty or belonging to the several departments and divisions is 1,562. The number of other officers does not appear in the report.

T. A. R., (Academy, W. Va.,) asks: "1st. How are diving-bells constructed? What is the manner of using or operating them; what is their weight, &c., and are they much used? 2d. Do you regard the sentence of Marshal Bazaine, by his government, as just? 3d. Can you inform me whether paints (such as are used for painting buildings,) are now put up so that any one not accustomed to mixing paints can do good work?" 1st. The diving-bell is a hollow vessel, sometimes, as its name implies, bell-shaped, (but not always,) open at the bottom, in which a person may descend into deep water, and remain some time for work or exploration, respiration being sustained by the compressed air in the bell or by the fresh air pumped in through a tube from above. There are several varieties, some of them weighing several hundred pounds; but our space will not permit us to give descriptions. They are not much used at the present day, we believe. 2d. We are disposed to regard it as too severe. 3d. Paints are now put up and sold, ready mixed, so that you have only to choose your colors and apply them.

[Several letters are held over to be answered in our next.]